THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 72. PUBLICATION OFFICE, NO. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1892. FIVE CENTS A COPY, $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE No. 19

WHEN ROSES BLOW.

BY S. MATHESON.

When roses blow, you will return to me,
True heart! across the glad blue summer sea;
And we through quiet paths again shall stray,
Or loiter in the old, fond, foolish way,
To read the names you cut upon a tree.

What time you said: "Love, I am bound to thee
In such sweet thrall that nought can set me free,
And our two lives shall be made one for aye
When roses blow."

Now, while pink blossoms flush the grassy len,
And wood-birds sing, and winds for very glee
Shake over all the land the sweet white May,
I watch the stately ships come in, and say—
"Please God, how bright and fair my world will be
When roses blow."

A GUILTLESS SIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

SEVEN years have passed, and it is Christmas Eve again and frost and snow have once more taken possession of the land.

Thrift House, which had been shut up for almost the whole of that period, was inhabited; lights shone through the windows, and the place had a festive air about it such as it had never before worn.

Mrs. D'Aguilar, nee Mary Larkins, had wonderfully changed for the better, and under the smiling sun of fortune had developed into a very pretty, if not a lovely, woman.

No guests were in the house, but many were expected on boxing day—people of title and fashion—all of them only too willing to enjoy the charming society of the mistress of Thrift House, who had made herself a general favorite wherever she went.

She sat alone in her boudoir poring over her diary, which she had faithfully kept ever since she had stood at the altar as Herbert D'Aguilar's wife. Her white, jeweled hand turned over the pages, and on her face there was an expression of intense satisfaction almost akin to happiness.

She looked superb in her robe of claret velvet, which fitted exquisitely to her elegant figure, whilst rare lace nestled at her throat and fringed the sleeves of one of Worth's chef d'œuvres.

Everything surrounding her bore traces of the luxury of wealth. The furniture was of rose-colored satin, as were the curtains which clothed the window; and priceless knick-knacks lay about, in themselves a small fortune.

She leant back in her chair, and said (she had a habit of speaking her thoughts aloud when alone)—

"Patience and firmness have won the battle against hate and aversion. Herbert is a model husband, although I feel he does not love me as he ought. I have made a man of him, and he knows it. Instead of wasting his life in vain regrets he is now a Member of Parliament, Lord Lieutenant of the shire, and will one day be in the Cabinet. He idolizes our child—he who once swore that no conjugal caress should ever pass between us. The shadow of guilt has passed away, and he is now as happy as a man can be."

Every word of this was as true that the bells were chiming, and carrolling singers making sweet melody on this happy Christmas Eve.

Bending over her diary once more, her eyes alighted on this passage—

"Miss Estelle Mordaunt is married, and I am safe. I wish her joy from my heart, for I no longer fear her rivalry."

"Yes, safe; he has forgotten her by now," she murmured. "My Herbert, all my own, who is dearer to me than life."

Again she turned over the pages of the gilt-edged diary, in whose pages faded roses nestled—gifts, these, of her husband, and still precious to her, though they had died and lost their fragrance.

Her slender finger rested on a page which possessed a great interest for her.

"No news of R. G." (Richard Granville); "he must have died abroad, thank God!"

She closed the book, and locked it away safely with her other treasures that only her eyes ever rested on—relics of the past, full of sweet and painful memories that, even at this distance of time, could move her to smiles or tears.

Seated near the window, she listened to the bells of Christmas—those melodious-tongued harbingers of peace and good-will, and she thanked a kind heaven for past mercies, and prayed for their continuance in the years to come.

Her husband was away on important business connected with some property he had lately purchased, and was not expected home till very late.

About one o'clock she found herself quite alone, the other inmates of the household having retired for the night.

"I will just go down and see that they have laid Herbert's supper properly," she thought, as she rose and left the room, her light tread being deadened by the Turkish carpets into which her feet sank at every step.

Having satisfied herself in this particular, she went into the nursery to steal a kiss from her sleeping boy, who looked like a little cherub, one chubby hand supporting his head and his flaxen curls shadowing his fair forehead that looked like alabaster.

With a look of deep maternal love on her face and beaming in her eyes, she walked along the corridor, past the very room where, seven years ago, her husband's aunt had died, without feeling the least nervous, although it was the witching hour of night when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead.

Her nerves, under a gentle, delicate exterior, were like iron, and fear was a thing she hardly knew—this woman, clad in velvet, and with diamonds gleaming like stars in her hair and around her throat and arms.

Her theory was that no wife should forget to personally adorn herself, so as to appear fairer in his eyes than any other women, especially when wealth comes to her aid; and Herbert had no cause to complain that she did not keep up the dignity of the house of Aguilar, which was not of English extraction, his grandsire having come over from France during the political upheaval which shook that sunny land from its centre to its base.

Mistletoe and holly occupied every nook of vantage at Thrift House, and their dead white and scarlet berries contrasted becomingly in the soft, subdued light of the gas, shrouded by crimson globes.

She entered her boudoir, and, to her astonishment, found the lamp turned low, and her quick eye detected that several valuables were missing.

She turned towards the door to raise an alarm, just as the household had been aroused from slumber seven years back, when the heavy window-curtains were thrown back, and a man disguised in a crape mask issued forth, who, with levelled pistol, said sternly—

"Say but a word, and you are a dead woman!"

She was standing only a few paces from him, and remained quite cool and collected, as the thought occurred to her that she had heard that voice somewhere before.

In an instant, like a flash of inspiration, it occurred to her that Richard Granville, her first husband, stood before her.

"Put down that pistol," she said, in a low, stern voice, "I know you; you cannot terrify me!"

As she spoke she moved towards him, and, perceiving that her recognition had taken him aback, she made a sudden spring, and wrested the weapon from his nerveless grasp.

Now she became the aggressor, in her turn, and, aiming point-blank at his face, she said—

"Take off that mask; come, be quick! My finger is on the trigger, and by every human law I am justified in killing you in self-defence, midnight robber that you are!"

He obeyed her in sullen silence, cowering before the muzzle of the pistol; for, craven that he was, he feared death.

"Empty your pockets; put the things you have stolen on the table. Do you hear?"

"Yes, I do," he said half savagely. "They're as much mine as they are yours. I am your husband, ain't I?" This as he produced the articles and placed them on the agate table.

"You—my husband!" she said, scornfully. "Faugh! You're mad, Richard Granville, to think I shall ever own you."

"Let's talk reason," he said, sinking into one of the rose satin chairs, and crossing his legs. "You daren't give me into custody; that I know."

"Indeed! Perhaps you are wrong. For eleven years I have not even heard of you, since your cruel desertion of your child and I."

"Come, draw it mild, Polly. The seven years allowed by law isn't up. This is only Christmas morning; just seven years ago, excepting a day."

"You're very clever, in your own estimation, no doubt; but I can and will swear that eleven years have elapsed since I last heard of you, Richard Granville—burglar, thief, dastard!" and she hissed out the epithets as if they came through incandescent bars of metal.

"I don't want to spoil your little game, Polly; I have had a hard time of it in Portland, not even a ticket-of-leave being granted to me, while you have lived on the fat of the land. And, my eye! what diamonds you've got; a few of them would set me up for life."

"But won't. Listen to me. Every trace of our marriage is destroyed. The witnesses are dead; find the certificate, if you can. You see I am more than a match for you, Richard Granville—ex-convict!"

"What's the use of abusing a poor fellow like me? Give me some coin. I can hold my tongue as well as here and there a one, if I'm paid for it. Besides, this is Christmas, and it isn't fair to rake up old scores against a fellow at such a time."

"I'll give you something out of charity, not from fear!" she replied; "but if you ever cross my path again, as sure as there is a heaven above us, I'll give you into custody."

"I quite believe that, Polly; you were always a bit of spitfire. Now, if I tell you a secret that will make your mind easy, what will you give me?"

"Nothing, because I wouldn't believe any statement of yours on oath—you must go; my husband may be here soon."

"I'd like to meet him—he'd behave more decently to a fellow than you seem inclined to do; you can't throw dust in my eyes, Polly; whatever the law might say to your marrying again whilst I am alive, your grand acquaintances would cut you if they knew your first husband was an ex-convict."

Too well she knew this, and although she kept a brave front towards him, yet in her heart she feared the exposure he threatened her with.

"You want money, I suppose? I'll give you a hundred pounds, and if I hear from you from America I'll send you more. I'll afford you another chance of becoming a respectable member of society."

Going to her escritoire, she was unlocking it, when, quick as thought, he caught her by the throat, and pressed a handkerchief saturated with chloroform to her mouth and nostrils.

"That's done the trick," he said, with a chuckle, as he placed her on the couch, and divested her of her diamond ornaments. "She wouldn't buy my secret—and now I've got more than she'd have given me in hard cash; I was going to tell her that she wasn't my wife—I was married when I met her. Now for the rhino, and then for America; she won't blab on me—I'm not afraid of that."

Having emptied her drawer of notes and gold, he opened the window softly, to let in the air, and, with a chuckle of triumph, let himself out the back way just as Herbert D'Aguilar passed in the front door by the aid of a latch-key.

As seven years before he had alarmed the house, so now his cries for help resounded through the mansion, when he found his wife lying apparently dead in her boudoir.

Was Christmas Day never again to be passed happily at Thrift House? did a curse rest upon it because of the dead woman who was now mouldering in her grave?

CHAPTER IX.

Towards the end of September Herbert D'Aguilar was located at an hotel in Italy, en route to join his wife, who was traveling with a party of friends.

Ever since that adventure on Christmas morning she had given England a wide berth, because she feared the scoundrel who claimed her as his wife.

As Richard Granville supposed, she did not denounce him, but gave a different description altogether of the man who had molested and robbed her.

Herbert's parliamentary duties had kept him in England for many months, especially as a general election was thought to be pending.

But the prorogation of Parliament had set him free to join his wife and child in Italy.

On the morrow he hoped to be with them—this evening he was resting from the fatigues of a rather long and tiring journey.

He was seated alone in a private sitting-room, looking over some papers, when suddenly he heard a loud cry for help from a woman who spoke in English.

Ever since that dread night, when he had every reason to believe that his hand had hurled a woman into eternity, unshriven, without affording her a chance, which is not denied to the vilest criminal, of saying "God have pity on my soul!" he was tender and merciful to women.

And this sentiment, which grew with years, made him a good, kind, if not truly a loving husband to Mary Larkins, notwithstanding her apparent cruelty to him. Starting up he was on the point of rushing out when his door flew open, and a lovely

woman, with dark hair streaming over her half-covered shoulders, knelt at his feet, crying out—"Save me! save me from him, for the love of Heaven!"

"Good Heavens! Estelle," he exclaimed, in astonishment, on recognizing in the woman his first love, she for whom he had sinned, only to lose her when the goal of his ambition had been reached.

Such was her state of excitement that she did not at first recognize in the man at whose feet she was kneeling her old lover, Herbert D'Aguilar, but when he spoke again, saying—"Good Heavens! Estelle, why are you here appealing to me for help?" she knew him and would have fled from him also, if in the doorway there did not stand a tall, handsome man, with excited eyes, flushed face, and disordered dress, who gazed vindictively at the pair as if he could slay them both in his rage.

Estelle cowered before him like a beaten hound before its master, but Herbert stepped forward to speak to him, and to stand as a shield between her and his anticipated violence.

"Who are you? I can see by your face you are English," said the new comer, and pointing to the kneeling Estelle added, savagely, "Is she going to place herself under your protection?"

"Leave my room, Sir," said Herbert, sternly; "you must be a dastard to drive a woman to seek for help from your violence."

Snatching a pistol from his belt the Italian, for such he was, although he spoke English fluently, was on the point of firing at the gallant man who dared to use such language to him, when loud outcries were heard, and half a dozen armed police rushed up stairs, their leader saying—

"Beppo, the brigand, I arrest you in the name of the King."

"Damnation," he hissed, "trapped;" then followed the report of firearms, followed by the hasty banging of doors; a leap from the window, and Beppo, the terror of Italy, was once more free to prove a scourge to well-doers.

"My Heavens! what did I hear?" exclaimed Estelle, still kneeling. "My husband a brigand! Oh, let me die! let me die!"

Herbert D'Aguilar hardly knew what to say to comfort her, her distress was so great; and like a lightning-flash these words occurred to him—

"Be sure your sin will find you out. She is suffering—this woman in your heart of hearts you still love—for your crime."

To add poignancy to his grief, the chief of the police arrested Estelle on the charge of being Beppo's accomplice, and, although Herbert vehemently protested her innocence and offered bail, she was locked up in a cell, like a common felon.

He was nearly mad with excitement, and strove, by every means in his power, to effect her release, but the authorities were inexorable, and gave a very cogent reason for her detention—that she would be likely to give information which would lead to the capture of her notorious husband.

Perceiving that for the present he could not aid Estelle in any way, he resumed his journey, with the full resolve, however, of never deserting her to whom he owed such overwhelming reparation. He had to travel by private carriage, for the road led round the mountain side, down which torrents leaped and bounded on their way to empty themselves into the blue Mediterranean which lay below, its surface dotted with craft, principally fishermen's.

But he had no eye for the picturesque. He could think only of that still lovely woman who was then an inmate of a prison, though innocent of crime.

During an interview he had had with her, she told him her sad story; how, maddened by his treatment, she had married an officer in the English army and gone abroad with him only to lay him to rest, under the shade of a palm tree, in unconsecrated ground—a victim, whilst on the march up the country, to that fell scourge, cholera. On her return home, she met an Italian count and married him—only now to find, when too late, that he none other than the notorious Beppo, the brigand and murderer.

His gloomy meditations were broken by a sudden sound of scuffling, startling as it was distant and the next moment the barrel of a rifle was thurst through the carriage window and he was told to surrender on pain of instant death.

He was in the hands of brigands, who, after rifling his pockets and his baggage of everything of value, marched him up the mountains, taking goat tracks that tried his physical powers to the utmost; and several times, but for the help they gave him, he must have fallen over a precipice and been dashed to pieces. Everything had been so sudden, so unexpected, that he had no time to think of anything but the danger he was in—when often one false step would have hurried him into eternity.

It was a relief to him, at last when he found himself on the brow of a mountain, face to face with Beppo, Estelle's brigand husband; with the stars shining bright and a delicious perfumed air, full of scent of the flowers, refreshing his jaded frame and invigorating his mind.

"Ah; the Englishman I met at the hotel, who called me a dastard," said the brigand, his swarthily handsome face gleaming with a savage, vindictive expression. "What was Estelle to you?"

It was on the tip of his tongue to tell this stalwart savage the truth, but prudence came to his aid and he replied—

"Nothing but a countrywoman who appealed for help. Englishmen, especially gentlemen, defend, and do not maltreat, women."

"Indeed!" was the sneering reply; "Italians know how to deal with harlots!"

"It is a lie—she is not one; her face and whole bearing denies it. Where is your manhood that you dare thus to traduce your absent wife?"

Beppo's knife was half unsheathed, to strike down the brave Englishman who thus gave him the lie to his very teeth, but, with a low growl like that of a wild beast, he re-sheathed it and said—

"If you were not worth a good ransom I would cut your tongue and ears off, slit your nose, and send you back disfigured for life. Bring pen and ink here, (this he said in Italian); this English milord will write to his friends and fill our pig-skins with wine and our pockets with plenty gold pieces."

Ready hands were willing to obey this savage chief, because they feared the handsome giant whose blow came before the word.

"Now, write to your friends telling them to send—let me see—five thousand pounds to the foot of the bandit's mountain, and remind them that any attempt at treachery will meet with a terrible retribution—your mutilation and death!"

"I am an Englishman, and my government will free me," said Herbert, proudly.

"They may have your dead body at any moment. Write" (this as he cocked a pistol). "I give you two minutes in which to obey; then, death, swift and sure as a lightning-flash!"

Herbert D'Aguilar was a brave man, but it would have been madness to refuse to obey; for, after all, life is dear to all of us, and he did not care to be shot down like a dog on that bare mountain top.

"I will write," he said, as he looked into the muzzle of the pistol, that was on a level with his eyes, held by a hand that would not shrink from sending a bullet crashing through his brain.

He wrote at Beppo's dictation, and addressed the letter to his wife.

Affixing a seal to it—a death's head and cross bones—Beppo, looking round, beckoning to one of the band, who came forward with alacrity.

"Granville," he said in English, "here is a job for you—the first I have as yet entrusted to you. You will take this to the lady; tell her if she wishes to see her husband alive again she will pay the ransom and avoid treachery. One of your comrades will accompany you as a guide, and will be your executioner if you attempt to betray us."

Granville took the letter and whilst he was preparing for the road, looked eagerly at the superscription.

"Good Heavens!" he muttered, "it's Polly's new husband; here's a pretty kettle-of-fish. I don't like facing her on such an errand after the trick I served her."

But, in spite of his reluctance, he knew that it would be as much as his life was worth to destroy his chief, and he started on his errand in company with one of the brigands.

CHAPTER X.

A GLORIOUS Italian sun, whose rays were warm and genial, although the month was October and the time evening, when Dick Granville, Jack-of-all-trades (in villainy especially), but master of none, found himself in the grounds of a veritable palace built of marble, with fountains playing among the orange groves which stretched down to the edge of a lake, in which the shining stars were reflected.

"By Jove!" thought Granville, "things have changed for her since the time we lived in a garret in Soho. It's just my beastly luck to miss all the good things and fall upon evil days. I wonder if she's in the garden? There's a petticoat yonder. I must reconnoitre."

Mary was sitting under the shade of an orange tree, sadly thinking of her husband's fate, news having reached her of his capture by brigands.

Her noble host, the Duke of Parma, had at once posted off to Rome to put the matter into the hands of the Italian government, and whilst awaiting his return, she strolled into the grounds, and was holding sad converse with her own thoughts.

Suddenly she was confronted by a man dressed as a mountaineer, and wearing an immense hat which shaded his features.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, "I bring you news of your husband; read that."

As yet she had not recognized Dick, and with a trembling hand opened the note, shuddering as she caught sight of the portentous seal.

"I will see to this," she said, looking up and then she knew that Granville stood before her.

"This is some of your work," she said; fiercely.

"Don't be a fool, Polly, and raise your voice, or I must leave you," he replied. "You are dealing with desperate men who, if any harm befel me through your agency, would think nothing of knifing your second husband."

She saw the truth of this, and said—

"Forgive me, Richard, and help him if you can; you owe me something for the past, I screened you from the punishment of your crime when you so basely robbed and nearly murdered me. Is he well? Did he send me any message?"

"As for being well, I think he is, but, bless you, Polly, I'd have been shot or stabbed if I had spoken to him; there's no hanky-panky tricks played up yonder."

"Why did you make such a bad use of your theft? My diamonds must have put hundreds in your pocket."

"All my cursed ill luck. I got the money for them right enough; and then, thinking foreign travel would improve my health, I came to Italy, met in with a supposed count and his wife, an Englishwoman, and found myself robbed and landed one moonlight night. I have been a brigand ever since."

"Do you want to earn a thousand pounds?" she asked, eagerly.

"For Heaven's sake, speak low, woman," he said, almost savagely, as he gripped her arm; "there's a fellow watching me like a cat would a mouse, and if he only suspected I was talking of a bribe to you I'd never reach the mountains alive."

The rest of the conversation was carried on in whispers, and when Richard Granville left her it was fully understood between them that he should assist Herbert to escape in the event of the Italian Government interfering to stop the payment of the ransom demanded which proved to be so in this case.

A cordon of troops was placed around the lair of the bandits, especially as they had audaciously rescued Estelle.

Anxiously, day by day, did Herbert D'Aguilar look forward to his release, wondering why it was his wife had failed him.

He was kept in strict seclusion, and November winds blew chill about, but still he was a prisoner, though not unkindly treated.

Beppo, whose spies were everywhere, knew that the failure in the matter of the ransom was not owing to Herbert's friends and he was just enough to show this in his treatment of him, giving him every liberty consistent with his safe keeping.

One day he was standing on the brow of the mountain looking down upon the valley shrouded with November mists, wondering whether he would ever see England or his wife and child again when he was startled by hearing a voice say—

"For your very life, do not recognize me as an old acquaintance."

And turning sharply round, he saw Estelle, who gave him a meaning look as she walked past him.

She was dressed as an Italian peasant woman, and looked lovely in her short petticoats and kirtle of plaid.

"Estelle here?" he thought; "this warning must not be neglected. I have a friend in her. Oh! kind heaven, grant me my release."

Somehow hope revived in his heart now that his first love was near him, and he grew less despondent, although November merged into December, and frost and snow began their reign in the region of these high mountains which reared their heads to heaven like giants.

It was nearing Christmas once more, but oh! how desolate it promised to be; and his thoughts took him back to that other time when on Christmas Eve he had mixed the deadly potion, and lo! his aunt had died.

"My punishment is just," he muttered; "I must endure it patiently. How poor Estelle must have suffered! My very life cannot atone for the injury I have done her. Oh! sin, sin, how you poison every draught! Surely you are now finding me out!"

He little knew that two heads were plotting his release—Estelle and Granville's—who seized many opportunities of conversing together without incurring suspicion.

Her husband, Beppo, was often absent, and this afforded her many chances of talking to Dick, who, to do him justice, wished to help Mary by freeing her husband.

"Christmas Eve will afford us the best chance," she said; "the brigands will be sure to indulge in huge draughts of wine, which the peasants will not fail to supply, in spite of the cordon."

"It would take a lot to make such fellows tight," observed Dick. "Bless you, they drink like fishes, and are more lively than ever after their bouts. Bah! how I hate the sour stuff! I'd rather have one glass of good old English ale than a bucket of it."

"I am preparing to quiet the lot," she answered, "during Beppo's absence. I'll get him out of the way, never fear. The wine shall be drugged; then we can escape. I've studied all the paths, and we can reach the plain in safety."

"Had we better tell our prisoner to be ready?"

"No; his manner might betray us. It will be time enough for that when the ruffians are helpless."

It wanted only a day to Christmas when Estelle, who had wonderful power over her husband when she chose to exert it, coaxed him into risking his life and safety to procure her a few delicacies for Christmas.

Evening fell, and from a distant convent came the chime of bells, denoting that the morrow would be Christmas, a day dear to the heart of Christians.

The brigands bivouacked round the wood fires, the fuel being supplied from the hardy pines which grew along the mountain-side, overhanging precipices that made one giddy only to see.

Shortly after the stars peeped forth in the frosty heavens, the moon rose and flooded the mountains, bringing out into bold relief the pure white of the snowy carpet that nature had so bountifully spread around.

Herbert D'Aguilar heard the sound of the convent bells, and thought sadly of past Christmas Eves, none of which, somehow, had been very happy ones, ever since the tragedy at Thrift House.

He noticed Estelle busy among the brigands, serving them with wine, in which they pledged her as their chieftain's wife, and a pang shot through his heart that so much beauty and sweetness should be wasted on a band of coarse ruffians, and—saddest reflection of all—he knew that the fault was his own; for if he had not sinned, she would never have descended to her present humiliating condition.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

M. LAGRANGE has communicated to the Belgian Academy a paper on the formation of bodies in the universe. In this paper he expresses the opinion that, before any expenditure of work, the quantity of heat of the universe was nil, that the temperature was gradually raised above absolute zero at the expense of work done by attraction, and hence the formation of solid bodies must have preceded that of liquids and gases; that, through the gradual condensation of matter, and consequent enormous development of heat, the earth would attain, at least in the parts near the surface, the state of fluidity necessary to its form and geological character; then, as the temperature gradually rose with gradual agglomeration of matter, a very dense atmosphere would form, with pressure diminishing outward, and in a more advanced phase, the temperature of this, after reaching a maximum, would gradually diminish, causing liquefaction or solidification of certain matters at first vaporous, while other solid bodies might remain suspended in the atmosphere. Briefly, M. Lagrange, in elucidation of the basis of his original and remarkable theory, as thus set forth, declares that space is occupied by two substances, namely: One, attractive, which is matter properly so called, or material atoms; the other, repulsive, which occupies the interatomic space, and from which results, between any two atoms, a valuable repulsion exercised at the surface of the latter.

In a Fix.

BY S. H.

"WON'T it be fine," said beautiful Bessie Herepath; "I'll have quite a host of lovers presently; they are sure to nibble at the bait I have artfully prepared for them in the 'Hoaxville Thunderspout,' a paper that is read far and near, at least so says the proprietor. Now if I can only get aunt to enter into my scheme, all will be well. Ah, here she comes!"

Bessie was just eighteen, eyes blue, hair golden, complexion like a lily, as playful as a kitten, and an heiress in her own right.

But her uncle proved a jealous guardian, and kept men aloof from her, because in his opinion they were all fortune-hunters.

Finding life very dull at Heavyside Villa, facing the sea, Bessie hit upon the expedient of advertising in the local paper for a husband, and lovely conspirator that she was, hoped to win her aunt over to her project, just for the fun of the thing—that was all, of course.

"Well, Bessie, what are you thinking of?" asked her aunt, a virgin of some forty-five summers, who still affected a youthful style of dress and manners, and was as her grumpy brother expressed it, "a owe dressed up lamb fashion."

"Oh, aunt, what do you think?" asked Bessie, who was averse to jumping at once into explanations lest she should frighten this spinster, or shock her sense of propriety.

"I cannot think; it is too distressing this hot weather to do anything but sit and bask in the shade. I declare your uncle is getting more unbearable every day; he'll drive us young people mad."

"No, he won't, dear; we must prevent it. But I haven't told you my little scheme for putting matters right."

"Matters right, indeed! We are smuggled up here, no man is allowed to see us; what chance is there of our getting husbands, dear; our charms are being wasted, and we shall go down to our graves without a soul to mourn our loss. Your uncle wouldn't; he'd think it good riddance of bad rubbish."

"Never mind him, Aunt Deborah. Now just read that; don't scream, mind, or he'll be sure to suspect there's something wrong."

And Bessie handed her a paragraph which she had cut out of the "Hoaxville Thunderspout."

Putting on her gold eye-glass, Miss Deborah Herepath read the printed puff with every sign of astonishment.

"What does it mean, Bessie?" she almost gasped. "Your uncle would shoot any man who dared to show even his nose here, or set the dogs at him."

"Nonsense, aunt; he's pottering about the grounds all day, and won't suspect us; besides, he'll be out all to-day on business."

"But we can't hope to hook a husband in a day, child," remarked her aunt, inwardly convinced, however, that she herself could, if only she got the chance.

"'Nothing venture, nothing win,' is my motto, dear. Now for my scheme. You shall be Miss Herepath, and——"

"I should think so, indeed," said Deborah, straightening herself. "I should like to see any one deprive me of my birthright."

"No one shall," said Bessie reassuringly. "But that isn't the point. Mary will be out for her holiday; I'll take her place, and act as your maid. There, what do you think of that?"

"Do you think it would be right, child?" asked Deborah, faltering somewhat in her purpose.

"Yes, and very proper too."

"But there's Solomon Slowcoach?"

"Leave him to me. Thank goodness I have not spent all my pocket-money. He's to be squared, as they say in the play."

"It shall be done. Here, Bessie, is a shilling towards the expense of——"

Aunt Deborah paused and coughed, as if the finishing of the sentence was beyond the limits of maidenly decorum.

"Getting a husband," put in Bessie merrily. "Oh, you darling, I love you now more than ever!"

And kissing her boisterously she flew into the house to put her little scheme into operation, and to muzzle Solomon Slowcoach by presenting him with two half-crowns and a shilling, a votive offering laid upon the altar of matrimony.

Aunt Deborah was not long after her niece, and ere long she had attired herself in a most fetching costume, but somehow her waist would not become as thin as she wished it.

"There's a ring at the gate, Solomon," exclaimed Bessie, who looked fascinating in her dainty cap and apron.

"Sure don't I hear it with my own two ears, miss?" he replied, in words that left no doubt as to his nationality.

"Then run and let the gentleman in," she said impatiently.

"Is it the likes of me would demane meself wid running?" protested Solomon. "Begorra! it would be a kilt alive I'd be if I did that, my poor heart so awoke."

However, he did move from his moorings in the kitchen at last, and Bessie watched for the new comer in a state of excitement bordering on dementia.

"It is a gentleman," she said with bated breath, "and oh, such a duck, quite a swell—too good for Aunt Deborah. I'm sorry now I've left myself out of the hunt; but no matter, I'll play my little comedy out even if I suffer for doing it."

Solomon came slowly back, leaving the stranger to look about him until such time as he could deliver his card.

"A deuced nice place, anyhow," thought the new comer; "I'm on my last legs, and if I bag the heiress, I'll be all right. My father, the general, is cutting up rough and stops supplies. Hallo! here she comes. Rather an ancient party, but needs must when somebody drives, and coin of the realm is what I want deucedly bad."

"Good-morning, Mr. A. Hurricane. I believe that is your name, sir?" said Deborah, smiling angelically at this man with a stormy name.

"Yes, miss—er——"

He stopped and looked enquiringly at her, when, blushing and casting down her eyes, she replied softly:

"Deborah Herepath, at your service."

There was an embarrassing pause, during which Hurricane looked at her somewhat critically, aided by an eyeglass that was seldom or never out of that organ.

Bessie was enjoying the scene, whilst Solomon stood contemplating it with a shake of the head, muttering:

"When that Turk of a master of mine comes back, there'll be ructions in the kitchen, and all over the house. Miss Deborah will get the sack, anyhow. Arrah! look at her making eyes at him, and she as ould and tough as the sole of my boot."

"Miss Herepath," said Hurricane, plucking up courage at last, "I—I—that is—er—I came here to love you—have you any objection?"

"Oh, sir," simpered Deborah, "my heart is disengaged; but you may be only playing with my youthful feelings."

"'Pon honor, no!" as he laid his hand on his heart; "I mean business. Let us take a seat under that spreading tree, and talk the matter over, if we come to terms, we can be man and wife within a week."

Deborah followed him like a lamb going to the slaughter, her virgin heart palpitating violently at the prospect of listening to words of love from so handsome a suitor—a regular swell, although he was only a Hurricane in a fix.

Poor Bessie was taken quite aback by the success of her experiment; Deborah was having all the kernel, and she, herself, only the shell.

"He's awfully in earnest about it," she murmured, with tears of vexation in her pretty blue eyes. "And isn't he handsome! I wish now I had not put on this badge of servitude. He won't look at the maid while the mistress is in the way."

Being of an energetic turn of mind, she resolved not to be kept altogether out of the affair, and calling Solomon to her aid, got him to prepare lunch.

He carried out a table and placed it under the shade of the tree, and commenced laying it for the midday meal.

"Excuse me, Arthur," said Deborah, who was dying to have a few minutes' private chat with her neice, to tell her of the brilliant success of her clever manœuvre; "I won't be long."

"My own Deborah, certainly; don't keep your Arthur pining alone," he said, as he stole a hasty kiss, which provoked a loud "Ahem!" from Solomon, who grinned all over his face.

Hurricane looked at him fixedly for a few minutes and muttered:

"By Jove, it's the very man!"

Then in a tone of command, he said:

"Attention! eyes front! Salute your officer!"

Solomon dropped several knives and forks in his fright, and said:

"By the holy poker, if it is not my old captain!" and straightway made off in a greater hurry than he had ever yet displayed.

"No, you don't, you rascal!" said Hurricane, collaring him. "You're a deserter, and I mean to give you up to justice."

Dropping on his knees, Solomon said:

"Sure, yer honor, you wouldn't be afther ruining a poor boy that is an orphan both by his father and mother's side."

"It all depends on yourself, Paddy Driscoll," remarked Hurricane. "I want a little information and you must give it to me."

"Faix, I'll begin at once, sor. My name didn't shute, and to make an Englishman of myself, I am called Solomon Slowcoach but bad scran to this devil of a brogue of mine, it's aisy to persave that I belong to ould Oireland."

"Is that lady I made love to an heiress?" asked Hurricane.

"Is it wanting to know if she wears her own hair ye are? Bedad, I never axed her, but——"

"Come, come, my good fellow, you know well enough what I mean. Has she a fortune?"

"Devil a bit of it, sor. It's the purty gal that's got a power of money of her own."

"Great Heavens, what have I done?" exclaimed Hurricane in a tone of despair; "made love to the wrong woman! I must make myself scarce before it's too late. Why, I actually made that old she-dragon an offer of marriage."

He was on the point of quitting the premises, when he was confronted by Mr. Herepath, who roared at him, saying:

"What the deuce brings you here, sir?" and then before the unhappy Hurricane could reply, added:

"Solomon, take this rascal in charge for trespassing."

Hurricane felt some one take him by the arm, and was on the point of resenting the suggestive action, when a voice said:

"Dear brother, this gentleman is my future husband. Won't you ask him to stay?"

"No, no," groaned Hurricane. "Look me up, do anything with me, but save, oh, save me from her!"

No wonder the old gentleman looked perplexed at this contradictory state of things, and he waited in vain for some minutes for a satisfactory explanation before proceeding to extremities.

Just as his patience, of which he had only a small stock, was almost exhausted, Bessie, who had changed her servant's dress for one befitting her station, came forward, and blushingly avowed the share she had taken in bringing about this ludicrous state of affairs.

"Who can answer for you, sir?" asked the somewhat mollified old gentleman, when Hurricane presented him with his card.

"It's meself can do that, sor," replied Solomon, "the gentleman forninst you is his own father's son; faix, I know the old general well, as big a Turk as yerself, sor."

Luckily for Slowcoach his master's mind was bent on something else than his not over complimentary words, or he would have suffered for his temerity.

Rummaging in the pocket of his summer overcoat, Mr. Herepath produced a letter, and read it aloud.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Hurricane, "so it is all right, after all; my father and you're old friends, I see."

"Yes, you young scamp; and to make amends for your audacity you will have to marry——"

"Me," said Aunt Deborah resolutely, to Hurricane's great dismay.

However, the matter was satisfactorily arranged after a little skirmishing, and copious discharge of tears.

And the hero of this comical mistake, with Bessie as his wife and a large fortune to boot, is no longer "A Hurricane in a Fix."

JUST outside the town of Tascora, in the panhandle of Texas, is a bare and desolate mound known as "Boot Hill." A correspondent who recently visited the spot, says that "there are 23 nameless graves in the clay and gravel of 'Boot Hill,' where lie the remains of 23 men who died with their boots on."

KRRRY: "How came you to be sitting in the window with Charlie Baddeman when the Republican torchlight procession went by? I thought he was a Democrat." Bessie: "So he is; but it was great fun. He held my hand all the time, so that I couldn't applaud."

"AUNTY," said a pensive urchin to his instructress, "what comes o' a' the auld moons?" "'Deed, laddie, I'm no very sure," was the tardy reply; "the'll maybe clip them doon, and mak' stars o' them."

Bric-a-Brac.

MUMMY CLOTH.—The cloth of the old Egyptians was so good that, though it has been used for thousands of years as wrappings of the mummies, the Arabs of to-day can wear it. It is all of linen, the ancient Egyptians considering wool unclean.

SIGNS OF LONGEVITY.—Lord Bacon wrote much on longevity. His signs of short life are quick growth, fair, soft skin, short fine hair, early corpulence, large head, short neck, small mouth, fat ear, brittle, separated teeth. Some of his signs of long life are slow growth, hard, coarse hair, rough, freckled skin, deep furrows in the forehead, firm flesh with veins lying high, wide nostrils, large mouth, hard gristly ears, strong contiguous teeth.

AT TABLE.—In an early work, written by Lydgate—"Rules for Behavior at Table"—the guests are told to bring no knives unscoured to the table, which can only mean that each one was to keep his own knife—that is, the one he carried with him—clean. Among the ancient Romans all articles of food were cut into small pieces before being carried to the table. For cutting meat, persons of rank kept a carver, designated the scissors or carptor, who had the only knife placed on the table.

SHORT AND SIMPLE.—The marriage ceremony practised by the people of Borneo is very short and simple. Bride and groom are brought out before the assembled tribe with great solemnity, and seated side by side. A betal nut is then cut in two by the medicine woman of the tribe, and one half is given to the bride and the other half to the groom. They begin to chew the nut, and then the old woman, after some sort of incantation, knocks their heads together, and they are declared man and wife.

TREES AND LIGHTNING.—Trees, like many other objects, are often struck by lightning, and everyone knows how dangerous it is to seek shelter beneath them during a thunderstorm. They are, it is said, more liable to be hit in winter than in summer, though it is not easy to explain why. What is still stranger is that trees with pointed leaves are more likely to escape the lightning's vivid flash than trees with rounded leaves. Every point, and there are thousands of points on a single tree, acts as a tiny conductor and discharges the electricity. If this be a fact, evergreen trees, like holly, which simply bristle with points, must never—well, hardly ever—be struck.

SNAKES.—Some light is thrown by the English Surgeon General Francis upon the question why it is that poisonous snakes still annually destroy so many thousands of persons in India in spite of all the efforts of the Government to exterminate them. Under the present system a reward is given for every serpent brought before the magistrate or civil authority of the district. A cobra lays from 18 to 20 eggs at a time, so that, for every one captured, a large number remain at liberty. Mr. Francis proposes that the eggs of snakes, which are to be found in the neighborhood of old walls and where the sun can reach them, should be secured. Unfortunately, there is an obstacle in the attitude of the people themselves. Supposed to be associated with Deity, snakes are, in some parts, well cared for, and even worshipped. The low-caste natives, therefore, who will alone undertake the work of extermination receive but scant assistance from the community at large.

SMOKELESS STOVE.—A new form of smokeless stove for domestic use has been invented in London, and it so far meets the national feeling in favor of a homelike open fire, in that the process of combustion is visible although partly closed in by a transparent door of mica. The stove comprises a combustion chamber, at the back of which is a hopper containing coal—and coal of second and third rate quality is available—which is automatically fed into the chamber. The process of combustion can be so regulated that the stove shall give its maximum heat, or can be damped down to the lowest degree possible. Cold air, which is warmed in its passage to the combustion chamber, is admitted to the stove through a number of small apertures; and this mixing with the gaseous smoke from the coal brings about its complete combustion. The heat given out is partly due to radiation from the visible fire, and partly to warmed air delivered into the room from a series of pipes which are coiled round the apparatus, but which are hidden in the casing of the stove.

I DREAMED OF THEE.

BY POMPEY BANOR.

My lady fair, last night I dreamed of thee:
A sweet, sweet dream so like reality,
That all to-day my soul has felt its spell;
And hope hath come again to solace me;
And old love-tides within my bosom swell
As soft and chaste as starlight in a well.

I dreamed of thee—oh, ponder, love, my dream!
It was deep night, beside a far south stream
Which moveless lay beneath the summer sky—
Moon-mirror'd crystal as the moon's cold beam—
There stood a youth, fair-hair'd and blue of eye;
He was alone; no breathing thing was nigh.

Long hours he stood within that ghostly place,
And ever northward turn'd his anxious face,
As if expectant of something unseen;
And ere the dawn had spun its amber lace,
Lo! full in view, with stately, matchless mien,
He saw approach his lovely North-born queen.

White-rob'd and glowing like a dew-dept flow'r,
Fresh as a bird within its morning bow'r;
She came, and smiling, look'd into his eyes;
One love-fraught glance, and then she look'd no more!
Like some white angel truant from the skies
The phantom fled—the dreamer lost his prize!

Save but the sighs of slanting Sout'ren pines,
And soft breath'd whispers of the clinging vines,
All nature slept and dream'd beneath the moon,
Sooth'd into sleep by summer anodynes,
Exhal'd from flowers that lavishly were strewn
Amid the pines and by the still lagoon.

I dreamed of thee; say, did I dream in vain?
And do I sing an idle empty strain?
No; in thine eyes I read a happier fate;
The prize is near that I have long'd to gain;
And I have learn'd, and learned, alas, so late
That thou'rt mine, and for my love didst wait!

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," "RUSHED UP," "OWEN DALE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII—(CONTINUED).

HE turned and left the room without another word, Sir Geoffrey gazing after him with more sympathy than he had ever bestowed upon his nephew in his life before.

"Confound the fellow's airs! One would think he had just walked off the stage!" he exclaimed, with another violent onslaught upon the coals in the grate. "More of a Tresham than I thought, though, after all—game to the last! He took his punishment like a man, I'll say that for him!"

He pulled out a large red-and-yellow silk pocket handkerchief and blew his nose till the room rang again.

"A facer! Well, I suppose it is. Heir to a large property one minute, and—puff!—the old man marries a young wife. All is changed. The castle in the air topples to pieces, burying him and his expectations in its ruins. But the fool has only himself to thank for it. Even now if he would hear reason——"

He paused, drew forth his great gold-rimmed spectacles, placed them on his nose, and, holding Miss Hayward's note at arm's length from him behind the lamp, reading it through for the tenth time with great deliberation.

"H—m! Yes," he resumed. "Ah, women are kittle cattle, the best of them! Now one would have thought she would have snapped at such an offer. Time for consideration, indeed! Serve her right if—but no"—shaking his head and stuffing the note into his pocket—"I can't draw back now even if I wished it. The thing's done."

He sighed and leaned back with a weary gesture unusual to him in his large arm-chair.

"An old man! Yes, I'm growing an old man," he mused to himself. "At my advanced age, eh? That's what he said. Well, he's right, I suppose. There should have been little feet pattering about the place by this time, and young voices and laughter, instead of an old fellow's growls and complaints. Well, well, that was not to be, it seems; and, after all, the girl's a good girl. Sometime she reminds me of—of—— The deuce knows who it is she's always reminding me of! It's the way she looks at me and her voice when she forgets to be stiff and shy. Anyhow she's good, I'm sure of that. A poor little dowdy, of course, but no doubt she'll turn into a peacock like the rest when she finds she has more money than she knows how to spend; and it will be some one to speak to—some one with ideas not entirely confined to domestic details, like Lavinia's, poor soul! Poor soul, indeed! She'll never forgive me! Ousted from her place after all these years! But it can't be helped now. All I can do will be to keep a tight hand over the young woman if I do marry her, and that she shall understand from the first—from the very first, mind!"—and Sir Geoffrey sprang suddenly erect in his chair and shook his fist, as though at some deadly foe.

* * * * * *

Meanwhile Lancelot Tresham, half stunned by the blow that had fallen so suddenly upon him, turned his steps hastily in the direction of his own rooms as soon as he left Sir Geoffrey's office. The lower part of the house was in considerable confusion, three or four working carpenters and their satellites being busily engaged in putting the finishing touches to the great frame work and temporary stage which had been erected in the long drawing-room, or ball-room, as it was usually called, for the display of the tableaux which were to take place that evening at half-past eight.

It was only just striking five as Tresham crossed the outer hall, but most of the women had already gone to their rooms, and his aunt, Miss Lavinia, was wandering about rather disconsolately, directing the arrangement of some flowering plants that one of the under-gardeners had just brought in for the extra decoration of the hall, and fussing over the fantastic shades adorning the various lamps scattered here and there, which she fancied unsafe and liable to catch fire. She hurried after her nephew as soon as she caught sight of him and insisted on detaining him, much to his annoyance.

"Oh, Lance dear, do wait! Now you cannot be in such a desperate hurry, and it is quite early yet. Do you think these shades are safe? They look so dangerous to me, only Polly sent them from town as a surprise, and, of course, I should not like to disappoint her by not using them; but, if they should catch fire, and that one is so inclined to go crooked."

Here Miss Lavinia made a desperate lurch at a gigantic butterfly of crimson paper and lace adorning a lamp on a bracket just beyond her reach, and, in so doing, tumbled face forwards into an azalea plant in full flower just placed below it by the gardener, breaking off about half a dozen blossoms and knocking the pot backwards into the bargain.

"Nasty things! Well, if the house is burned down, I hope Geoffrey won't blame me—that's all!" she ejaculated, as her nephew assisted her to extricate herself. "Everything Polly does is right in his eyes, certainly; but perhaps if it came to having the whole house in a blaze he might think differently. I—a telegram for me, Evans?"—drawing back dismayed as a footman crossed the hall with a salver containing the well-known orange envelope offered it to her. "Oh, I don't think it can be for me! I don't expect one"—still holding aloof.

Tresham took it up and opened it.

"Expect one! Well, of course not; nothing so likely as the unexpected!" he exclaimed recklessly, running his eye over the contents.

"Seldon, London, two o'clock. Shall be down this evening. Put me up anyhow."

"That's all, aunt Lavinia; nothing very terrible, is there?"

Miss Tresham however assumed a look of despair.

"I declare it's trying!" she said. "People don't seem to know their own minds for an hour together! What does the man mean by going to Africa three days ago and upsetting everybody, and then coming back and wanting me to put him up here again when the house is crammed from attic to cellar, and there are three ladies'-maids sleeping in his room already! I can't do it. It's impossible!"

"Make him up a bed on the billiard-table," suggested her nephew. "That'll do for the night, and he can have my room to-morrow. I must get back to town, I find, by the first train."

"Oh, my dear, now you have been falling out with your uncle again!" exclaimed Miss Tresham anxiously, her thoughts at once diverted into a fresh channel. "I'm sure you have, when I come to look at you, Lance; you are very pale, and your eyes are quite wild. How foolish of you, when we have such a houseful! But of course Geoffrey is very trying, and I have fancied"—dropping her voice to a stage whisper—"it may only be fancy, of course—but, my dear, do you think there is anything between Polly and Mr. Seldon, because——"

"How should I know anything about it?" replied her nephew impatiently, shaking her detaining hand from his arm. "No; uncle Geoff and I have not been quarrelling this time, only he has just told me a piece of news that took me rather by surprise. I dare say you'll hear it to-morrow; I can't wait to talk now."

He dropped a hasty kiss upon her soft cheek and hurried away, not daring to trust himself alone with his aunt any longer. She had always been kind and generous to him, comforting him in his troubles and shielding him in his many scrapes; and he knew she would feel the announcement of Sir Geoffrey's intended marriage as keenly for his sake as for her own.

The tall wax candles were lighted on his dressing-table when he reached his own luxurious bedroom, and his servant was already there busy laying out upon the bed the three fancy costumes sent down by Nathan for the parts assigned to Lance in the coming tableaux. He dismissed the man at once, and, dropping into an easy-chair, tried to collect himself.

Strangely enough, the advice of Cecily, his neglected wife, appeared the most prominent among the confusion of ideas whirling through his mind. Her disregarded tearful entreaties that he should confess his marriage to Sir Geoffrey, and trust to time and chance to win his forgiveness for it, rang in his ears now again and again. After all she had been right, it seemed. For four years he had deceived and dissembled in vain. Nothing worse than the present order of events could possibly have befallen him had he boldly acknowledged his wife when he first married her, and denied his uncle's right to influence or direct his choice.

As it was, he felt tricked all round. Even Polly Carstairs, it seemed, had been only making use of him as a blind—a mere dummy to be cast aside as soon as he was of no further use to rouse Seldon's jealousy and lure him on. As his uncle's heir his position had been a recognized and enviable one; but now, with a young wife reigning at the Park, his prospects of future wealth were almost nil—nay, who should say that the very beggarly title of which at any rate he had always felt secure might not ere long be wrested from his grasp? Poor, poor Cecily!

Hot tears actually scalded Lance's eyelids as he thought of her brave indomitable spirit, her cheery endurance of present poverty, her extraordinary devotion to and unbounded admiration for the white-frocked, curly-headed, blue-eyed Tots, who was to be a great man some day, and own the big house, which had been his father's and grandfather's before him!

Could nothing be done to prevent this unnatural marriage of Sir Geoffrey's from taking place?

Pondering deeply, Lancelot Tresham could see but one tiny loophole of escape from what he had reason to feel was the direst misfortune that, from a worldly point of view, could assail him and those belonging to him. Appeal to his uncle to reconsider his determination would be, he well knew, useless. Sir Geoffrey's natural obstinacy was such that every resolution he made became more deeply rooted than ever in proportion to the amount of thwarting it received.

No—nothing would be gained by attempting to persuade or reason with him; but the woman herself—should he have any chance with her? Would it be possible to win her over to his side—to enlist her sympathies for himself? What if he went boldly to her and told her the whole story of his secret marriage?

Some women were impulsive enough to take a positive delight in self-sacrifice—the fact of a wrong being done was enough to ensure their determined opposition to it forthwith. It all depended, of course, on the sort of person Miss Hayward proved herself to be. Tresham, it must be confessed, had a distinct leaning towards pretty faces. Had Sir Geoffrey's secretary possessed any claims to good looks, he would have found plenty of opportunities of making friends with her; but, as it was, since the evening he put her into the victoria with Miss Carstairs at the station, they had actually never exchanged half-a-dozen words with each other. Once or twice when he had had occasion to go to the library he had wished her "Good morning," but she had always pointedly avoided even looking him in the face when he spoke, and he had speedily decided that she was gauche and shy, and not worth the trouble of speaking to.

Nevertheless, he must try the effect of an appeal to her now. It was evident from her letter to Sir Geoffrey that the proposal had taken her by surprise. It might, of course, be only policy on her part to refuse a reply to the old man's offer at once, and to plead for time to make her decision. But, on the other hand, she might have private reasons of her own that caused her to hesitate—some family tie, some previous attachment or even engagement; women were romantic and foolish enough for anything—poor women the most so very often. Without giving himself time for further reflection, Lancelot Tresham left his room and made the best of his way to the library.

CHAPTER IX.

"COME in!" said the secretary's voice.

Captain Tresham, seeking her in the library, had found it deserted, the lamps unlighted, the fire nearly out. Determined not to be balked of his interview, he had mounted the little staircase leading to her private sitting-room and knocked there boldly.

The knock had to be repeated once or twice before it produced any result. Then a voice, apparently at some little distance, invited him to enter, and he opened the door and walked in.

The small apartment was lighted only by the fire, but the red curtains were drawn over the window, and it looked comfortable enough. A japanned tray on a little round table contained the remains of afternoon tea, and it was plain that Miss Hayward, after finishing her tea, had carried away the lamp into the adjoining bedroom, the door of which standing partly open, revealed the bright light within.

She stood on the threshold of this room with a pile of books in her arms, as though pausing to see who her visitor could possibly be, when Tresham entered. Probably his sudden appearance caused her some astonishment, for she uttered a hasty exclamation, which however was quickly suppressed, as she advanced into the fire-lit room and deposited her books on the table.

"Am I wanted, sir? Has Sir Geoffrey sent for me?" she asked, in a low trembling voice.

Lance shook his head and drew nearer.

"It is on my own account solely that I have, Miss Hayward," he said courteously in that musical voice of his that had played such havoc in its day with susceptible female hearts. "I hope you will pardon my intruding upon you up here, but I wanted five minutes' chat with you privately; and, not finding you in the library, I was bold enough to venture a little farther. The truth is, these old quarters are familiar enough to me," he continued, perching himself on the edge of the round table to the imminent peril of the crockery upon it. "They were my tutor's rooms, you know, when I was quite a little chap; and there isn't one of the four corners that I haven't stood in with my hands behind my back, because I could not, or would not, say my lessons properly."

Miss Hayward laughed—a little artificial laugh with no mirth in it.

"If you don't mind, could you find some other seat?" she said in an awkward way, twisting her fingers together like a shy school-girl. "That table is not very steady. I'm so afraid you may upset the tea-things, and—and I hope you won't think me rude, Captain—Captain Tresham, but I'm very busy and rather in a hurry. Could you tell me at once what I can do for you? You see I'm going away to-morrow, and——"

"Going away to-morrow?" repeated Tresham, in tones of great amazement, getting down from the table, but seating himself again on the end of the little chintz-covered sofa under the window, as though fully determined to stay where he was, while the secretary remained standing within a few feet of him, her black head bent so that he could hardly see the lower part of her face, and the flickering light from the fire playing fitfully on her white cheeks and hand, gleaming ghost-like in the shadowy gloom. "Going away? Why, that is the last thing I should have expected to hear, certainly. Surely it is a very hasty determination on your part."

"No. Oh, no! At least, yes—perhaps it is; but, you see, my work here is over," replied his companion hurriedly. "I finished the last page of copying Sir Geoffrey's manuscript this morning, and there is nothing more for me to do, so I would rather leave at once; indeed, it is imperative that I should do so."

She spoke in a depressed melancholy tone; evidently her employer's magnificent offer had not elated her in the least degree.

Tresham felt considerably puzzled.

"But does my uncle know that you contemplate leaving here so soon?" he asked, after a short pause, during which Miss Hayward stood quite silent and motionless, plainly awaiting her visitor's departure.

She shook her head.

"No, indeed; and I hope you will not tell him!" she replied anxiously. "He has been very kind to me since I have been with him, and—and—Well, the truth is, I believe that I rather dread saying 'Good-bye'"—with an odd little laugh—or was it a sob? Lance wondered. "What I really want to do it to get away quietly tomorrow morning before any one is up, and then, when I am at home, I shall write to Sir Geoffrey. The fact is that my engagement does not actually terminate until next Tuesday, and this is only Thursday; but my work is done, and circumstances have lately arisen that make it necessary for me to leave as quickly as possible."

"Yes—and it is respecting those very circumstances that I feel I absolutely must speak to you now," rejoined Tresham determinedly.

He rose from his seat, and, approaching the slight black-robed figure, laid a firm but not unkind hand upon her slight bent shoulder.

"Look here," he said; "I am going to be quite frank with you. Not half an hour ago, my uncle, Sir Geoffrey Tresham, suddenly blighted every hope that I have ever cherished in my life by the announcement of his intended marriage with you. From my earliest days, remember, I have been taught to look upon myself as his heir, brought up to consider every acre of the Tresham property my own after his death. You may judge therefore that the news has been a terribly severe blow to me."

"But it is not my fault!" she interrupted hurriedly, and with a distressed motion of her hands, as though she would have wrung them. "Indeed, indeed, Captain Tresham, it is not my fault. I do hope you will believe that. No one—not you yourself—could have been more utterly taken aback than I was when I got Sir Geoffrey's proposal this morning. He—I——"

She was evidently too near tears to say any more.

"I can assure you that I feel convinced of the truth of what you tell me," answered Lance earnestly. "I know my uncle's obstinacy of character so well that I am quite certain that no one who took any pains to attract him would be likely to succeed. It is only of my own unlucky position that I want to speak to you—of the entire loss to me of my best hopes, if you should consent to this, as I look upon it, most unnatural marriage—unnatural because, on my uncle's side, at my rate, it is contemplated wholly and solely as a means of revenge for the disappointment of his matrimonal schemes on my behalf; because——"

"But forgive me; are you sure you are not partly to blame yourself for your uncle's treatment of you?" asked Miss Hayward, rather coldly.

She had taken a Japanese fan from the mantel-shelf while Lancelot was speaking and now held it, shielding her face from the fire.

"If, as you say," she continued, "he had set his heart on some particular marriage for you, would it not have been easier——"

"No, it would not, for the simple reason that I am not in a position to propose to any woman, being married already!" replied Tresham recklessly. "Look here," he went on, regardless of a smothered exclamation from his companion: "I know it is the most preposterous folly on my part to take a stranger into my confidence; but I verily believe I shall go mad if I don't speak to somebody, and good women are self-sacrificing. Of course I can't expect you to fancy yourself in my wife's place. Ah, poor Cecily! To think of how patiently she has borne with living hidden under a cloud, so to speak, for the past four years, all for my sake and the boy's, dear little chap; and then to have to tell her that all her courage and endurance have been wasted! I feel more inclined to put a bullet through my head than anything else, when I think about it!" And Lance ran his fingers through his hair, then thrust his hands into his pockets, looking the picture of despair.

The secretary did not speak for a moment; when she did it was in the same curious constrained tone.

"You are unfortunately placed, certainly," she said. "A deception in such a case as yours is generally a failure, sooner or later, Captain Tresham. I am almost surprised you could induce your wife to consent to it."

"She would undergo anything for me," replied Tresham, with a half-proud smile quivering round his well-cut mouth. "There is nothing, as I said before, so self-sacrificing as a good woman," he went on. "That is why I am throwing myself upon your mercy at this moment. Sir Geoffrey showed me your letter to him, asking for time to consider your decision; and it struck me—although it's wildly improbable, of course—that you were inclined to refuse his offer, the knowledge of the misery you would cause by accepting it might turn the scale in my favor. Honestly, it's not only for myself I'm pleading—believe me. I've been a selfish fool—not to call myself anything worse—in the matter throughout. If I'd taken Cecily's advice and braved my uncle's anger at first, I shouldn't have been in a bit worse plight than I am now, and should have kept my own self-respect into the bargain. As it is—— But I won't bore you with my regrets. However you decide, I shall exonerate you of any desire to do me mischief; and, if by chance you do refuse to become Lady Tresham, you'll earn my everlasting gratitude. Anyhow, I'm sure you'll not betray the fact of my having appealed to you on the subject as a last resource."

He turned to leave the room. Probably Lancelot Tresham had never appeared to such advantage in life as during the past five minutes. All affectation and mannerism laid aside, no orator secure of his effect upon a crowd of eager listeners, no actor conscious that his first pause in speaking would evoke a volley of applause from a breathless audience, could have pleaded his cause better or with greater effect.

His solitary listener thought so at any rate, for, although he could not see her face distinctly in the dim firelight, he could hear her suppressed sobs as she answered him.

"I will do what you ask. You may make yourself easy, Captain Tresham. To-morrow, when I reach home, I will write at once and refuse Sir Geoffrey's offer. No—wait—hear me out!"—as Lance impetuously seized both her thin hands in his, a in passion of gratitude. "I want to make a condition with you."

She wrenched her fingers determinedly from his eager grasp and drew farther into the shadow.

"I am acting in this case as much for your wife's sake as your own," said Miss Hayward, "and the child's. You love the child, you said, did you not?"—rather wistfully.

Tresham nodded; what seemed to be a lump in his throat prevented his replying just then.

"Yes, you love the child," continued Miss Hayward rapidly. "Then, for the child's sake, sir, if I decline to become your uncle's wife, you must confess your marriage to him and acknowledge your wife. Will you do this?"

"I will," said Lance briefly.

"At once?" said the secretary.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I should prefer getting to a respectful distance first," replied her companion naively. "Sir Geoffrey's not altogether a pleasant person to take by surprise, as you will perhaps allow. At the same time, if you insist, I will go and tell him directly."

"Oh, no, no—not now! Wait till I am out of the house," Miss Hayward exclaimed, in an agitated voice. "And you must really go now, Captain Tresham. If the servants or anybody should come and find you here, they would think it so strange; and, as I have my packing to do, I cannot let you stay here another minute."

"But surely you will let me thank you? We cannot part like this," began Tresham hurriedly; but she waved him back as he followed her.

"No—I want no thanks. I will write. Good-bye!" she said, shutting the door in his face without further ceremony.

Lance hearing the key turned in the lock inside, and finding himself left almost in the dark, groped his way down the short flight of stairs and across the library as quickly as he could; then hurried off once more to his rooms to dress for dinner, hardly able to credit the extraordinary and unexpected success that had attended his mission.

CHAPTER X.

ONE o'clock A. M.

The whole of the large establishment at Tresham Park had retired to rest and were presumably wrapped in slumber. The party assembled to witness the performance of a series of tableaux vivants by the guests staying in Sir Geoffrey's house was comparatively early. No dancing had followed the theatricals, and, almost before the well-served supper laid out in the great dining-room at the conclusion of the entertainment was in full swing, carriages were announced, ladies appeared muffled in dainty furs and velvets for a long drive home, and visitors gradually dispersed in parties of three and four.

In Cecily Tresham's tower bed-room a faint light still burned however. She herself, in her plain black frock, but with the hateful wig laid aside, sat bending over a little table, with her small shabby traveling-desk in front of her, writing and tearing up letter after letter to Sir Geoffrey by the light of a solitary candle. Seen by that light, Mrs. Tresham looked terribly fagged and ill.

The protracted anxiety and severe mental strain of the past three weeks had told considerably upon her sensitive and excitable temperament. Even with her disfiguring disguise abandoned and the natural beauty of her own fair hair framing her pale tired face, she looked a woman worn and harassed by care and suffering—a strong contrast to the gay winsome creature painting milking-stools and superintending the cooking of her husband's dinner at Mulberry Cottage a short while ago.

"I cannot write to him. I must wait till I get home and can think it over clearly; my head seems in a whirl to-night," she said to herself wearily at last, passing her hand over her eyes and rising from the table.

On either side of her, open empty drawers, open empty cupboards revealed the fact that her slender wardrobe was already packed for her early flitting. Once secure from the invasion of her friend Rachel, who had used all her arts in vain to induce the secretary to join the upper servants in a surreptitous view of the tableaux, obtained from behind a convenient screen or corner, Cecily had bolted her sitting-room door for the night and had then swiftly and silently set about her preparations for departure on the morrow.

Her plan, as she had told Lance, was to leave the Park before any one was about in the morning. In the extraordinary circumstances of Sir Geoffrey's proposal to her—a climax so unlooked for that it had almost paralysed her wits for a time—she felt that there was but one thing possible for her, and that was flight.

"When once I get away from here, I will write and tell him all," she thought, pacing up and down the floor of her little room and squeezing her slight hands in her anguish until the white skin was reddened by pressure. "I will have Lance's anger; after what I have done, it cannot matter much. I don't expect him ever to forgive me. Yes, I will tell Sir Geoffrey all—how Lance married me because I was left quite alone, and he pitied me so and loved me too, and he was afraid to tell what he had done, for my sake and the child's. Only to-day, when he did not know whom he was speaking to—when he could not have said it just to please me—he told me he loved the child. Then about my coming here as secretary all unknown to my husband—he must never be blamed for that. How the deceit was all mine, because I longed so to see Sir Geoffrey and to find out for Tots's sake if he could ever learn to like me a little. Oh, it is too terrible! How shall I ever put it all on paper and make it clear so that the poor old man shall understand it? And then to think that my own dead mother was his early love, that she spoiled his life for him, years and years ago; and then that, in his childish resentment about Lance and Miss Carstairs, he should want to make me—me of all people on earth—his wife! What a miserable failure this venture of mine has been!"

In her distress of mind, poor Cecily sobbed and shuddered until, worn out with mental suffering, she flung herself across her bed and fell into a kind of semi-stupor.

A subtle aroma, a pungent pricking sensation in her nostrils, not unpleasant at first, but growing gradually stronger, roused her.

"Tots," she muttered to herself, half rising into a sitting position and pushing the short rings of disordered hair off her hot forehead—"Tots darling, put down the naughty smoking stick; it will burn my pet! Put it back into the fender. Mother would not like anything to hurt her darling. Oh, don't cry—don't cry, precious!"

Mrs. Tresham awoke, crying herself. The dream, consequent on her excited nervous condition, had been distressingly vivid. She had fancied herself back at the cottage with the child on her knee. Suddenly, unobserved by her, the little creature had snatched up a lighted stick from the newly-kindled fire on the hearth. Cecily, alarmed, had wrested the dangerous plaything from its tiny grasp; its scream of disappointment and baby wrath was still ringing in her ears as she started up. It seemed all too real, even to the scent of the charred and smouldering stick.

But no—she was alone. The vision of Tots, the sounds of childish grief, faded away again into the land of dreams; only the scent of the smoke remained. Why, surely it increased? Something resembling the very faintest blue-gray vapor stole ghost-like into the room and filled the corners with cloudy misty shadows.

Thoroughly roused by this, Mrs. Tresham sprang off the bed, snatched up her candle, and, gently unlocking her bedroom door, peered anxiously down the dark little staircase.

The smoky smell was quite as apparent outside her room as in. Venturing, after a little hesitation, into the grim ghostly-looking library, she found that here the smoke increased considerably in volume, sufficiently so to make her eyes smart and to produce a little tickling cough. Hardly aware of what she dreaded, yet irresistibly impelled to go on, Mrs. Tresham, light in hand, glided out of the library, through one or two winding passages, and down the back-stairs leading into the basement of the house.

Smoke, increasing in density, met her at every turn; a faint crackling sound, a long way off at first, but approaching gradually nearer, fell upon her ear, whitening her lips with terror as she flew along. Bursting at length through the swinging red baize doors cutting off the servants' offices from the outer and inner halls, a terrific spectacle met her eyes.

Seen by the dim light of the one candle she held high over her head came a dense column of pale blue smoke, rolling swiftly towards her down the grand staircase, and already rendering the noble carved oak balusters, the domed and highly-decorated ceiling of the hall, partly invisible. No flames were to be seen as yet, the stairs not being actually on fire; but the terrible crackling sound that proceeded from the principal corridor gave warning that not an instant was to be lost, and that the sleepers whose room lay above must be roused at once, as the only means of saving them from a violent and agonising death.

Cecily was by no means a constitutionally brave woman; but in that moment of extreme peril to others she never hesitated.

Close to the swing-doors by which she stood was a footmaid's pantry, with door ajar, showing the usual sink, with water-taps for washing glass. A row of white clothes hung to dry on brass hooks overhead. Hastily snatching down one of these, Mrs Tresham saturated it with water, wrung it out, and wrapped it, like an Eastern yashmak, so as to cover her mouth and nose. The servant's drab livery great-coat dangled from a peg behind the door. This she flung with desperate energy over her shoulders, thrusting her arms into the ample sleeves. It thoroughly enveloped her small figure, thus affording some slight extra protection to her scanty black woollen frock.

Even in that moment's delay the smoke had grown thicker, the crackling sounds all round had increased. As Cecily flew up the nearly half-invisible staircase in her extraordinary garb, she caught sight of more than one forked tongue of flame shooting out amidst the blinding vapors; while, without the timely adoption of the wet cloth over her mouth and nostrils it would have been impossible for her to have faced the suffocating cloud that met her as she dashed in frantic haste down the long corridor, flinging doors open recklessly as she passed them, and shouting, as best her wildly-beating heart would allow, the awful cry of—

"Fire, fire, fire!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It is stated in scientific circles that an engine has been constructed which works by heat obtained from the sun's rays. The rays are focussed upon the boiler from a concave surface of looking-glass, arranged in such a manner as to be constantly directed to the sun. The "sun engine" is, of course only applicable for use in tropical or sub tropical climates. The inventor has been three years in perfecting his engine, and if it is found to justify the claims which are made on its behalf, motive power in the East, at all events, will rapidly become much less costly than the present.

SONG OF THE SEASONS.

E. NESBIT.

Sing! sing of the birth of spring.
  Bluebells and violets, and May!
Pale, sweet primroses, blossoming
  Down in the leafy way;
Dreams and hopes as light as the bloom
  Drifted on orchard grass;
Spring! re-risen from Winter's tomb—
  Spring that must die, alas!

Sing of Summer a splendid song—
  Summer royally fair—
When nights are white and days are long,
  And the jasmine scents the air;
When the nightingales sing of love,
  And the red, red roses blow—
Those are notes to make music of,
  Ah, that Summer must go!

Make a song for the Autumn pale—
  Gather the dead red leaves,
Catch the sob of the winds that wail
  Over the lost gold sheaves.
Weave them into a song that sighs
  Over the days gone by;
Sing to silence the heart that cries
  "Even Autumn must die."

Sing of the Winter—of ice and snow,
  Woodlands dreary and bare,
Haunted by ghosts of flowers that will blow
  When the spring shall be there—
"When the Spring shall be there." At last
  Joy through the song runs clear,
Winter, too, shall be over and past—
  Past—and the Spring be here!

Through a Dream.

BY J. D. M.

"COME in."

Such a sweet voice, but so tired, with that utter weariness of heart-sickness and trouble, that has at last almost broken down the brave young spirit that had struggled so long.

Such a pretty woman, too, was the speaker, not more than three-and-twenty certainly, and perhaps the shabby black she wore, and the scantily-furnished second-floor room in which she was, only added to the pathetic interest of the picture she made, all unconsciously, as she sat at the table near the fire, drawing, whilst on the faded rug at her feet a pretty wee child of four or five years was playing with a broken doll; that is, she was leaning back against the mother's knee, holding the toy-baby on her own lap silently—a delicate-looking little creature, colorless and hollow-eyed, as if from recent illness.

"Come in," Beryl Lansdowne said, in answer to a tap at the door.

And in came a middle-aged woman, with a red, penny account book in one hand, and a big zinc pail full of coals in the other.

"Why, bless me, ma'am, you've forgot the fire!" she exclaimed, "and it's nearly out. The room's like ice this cold January evening, but I'll soon make it up."

"No, no, Mrs. Keats," said the artist, hurriedly, her pale cheek flushing painfully, her lips quivering, "I did not forget; but—but what is in the scuttle must last out to-night."

"Nonsense, my dear," returned the landlady, with kindly roughness; "you and Dottie can't be perished with cold, was it ever much so you owe me for rent and coals."

Beryl dropped her pencil and faced round, desperately, as the woman laid the rent-book on the table amongst the drawing materials; and poured the coals into the empty scuttle.

"I owe you so much already," she said, chokingly, "that it is simply dishonest for me to stop on here any longer, getting deeper and deeper into debt. Another week added to-day; and, of course, you want some money?"

Mrs. Keats was on her knees now, skilfully coaxing up the wretched scrap of fire, with a stick here and a few coals there, and still busy, said:

"Well, 'm if you could give me a little off of the ten pounds, I won't go to say I'd be sorry, because there'll be my rates comin' in, which is heavy; but if you can't, you can't; and I must manage, somehow, without it a bit longer. There, the fire's better already—ain't it, Dottie?"

"Oh, nice pitty fire!" cooed Dottie, smiling up, and spreading her small transparent hands to the leaping blaze; "pitty Mrs. Keats."

"Bless her little 'eart!" and the landlady kissed the innocent face.

The mother bent here down, and sobbed, at which Dottie hurriedly scrambled up, and pushed herself within her mother's arms, half frightened, half crying, as she clung to her; while Mrs. Keats cleared her throat till she coughed, and then poor Beryl had mastered herself somewhat, but Mrs. Keats got the first word.

"'Taint no use, my dear, a talking to me of giving me notice, or of starving of you and that baby with cold, to save a bit of coal. I work hard, of course, and so do you—and you a real born lady too—a drawing for this paper and that, early and late; and not getting much at that, I expect. You couldn't help losing your husband four years ago, nor Dottie being ill last autumn; which she's never been quite strong since, poor lamb—wants such a lot, children do, ma'am, to pick up. And then the doctor's bill! Dear, dear—no wonder you're a bit behind!" she threw on a shovel full of coal in a kind of defiance. "You give a little as you can, Mrs. Lansdowne, and see how we get along a bit longer! Don't tell me of one room—this and the slip room you sleeps in isn't no more really; so there."

"But, Mrs. Keats, I—now, you must listen to me——"

"I won't, then, ma'am, and that's flat. Good-night!"

But Beryl caught her hand as she was moving.

"You dear, good creature! I cannot rob you like that. Listen! If work comes in better, it will be ages—months—before I could possibly pay off such arrears."

"We'll let the matter bide at present, please, ma'am," returned Mrs. Keats, immovably; "you've been here three years, and always paid steady, till that lamb was took ill, and then what could a body do, but think first of the child? You're a mother, and so am I; and we know what it is—so don't you bother, my dear, more than need be. You see, I know you'll pay me whenever you can—not like some lodgers as says they can't pay, and yet live like kings. Now, good-night, Dottie, darling! Kiss old Keats."

The little fair face, nestling on the mother's breast, was eagerly lifted to give the kiss, with that sweetest of smiles—a child's.

"Dottie love you," said she, with decision; but Beryl could only whisper, brokenly:

"I shall never—never forget your goodness!"

Mrs. Keats went downstairs to her kitchen with eyes full of tears, and told her married daughter, who had come in this evening, that "it was awful hard for that young thing to have been left a widow at nineteen or twenty, without a penny but what she could earn, that had never been used to work."

"I expect her husband was rather a bad lot, mother," remarked the daughter, nodding; "hasn't she never told you anything about him?"

"Law, no, Polly! She ain't one to blacken him to anyone, but I have heard from a party as knew something of him, that he had something to do with a sporting paper and was a wild sort of fellow what spent everything, and never bothered to save for his wife and child."

"The wretch! And did he die sudden, then?"

"Yes, four years back; and then she had to turn to and teach drawing. She is a beautiful artist, I tell you, and draws for some of them illustrated papers. It's awful in and out, though, she says, till she can get more of it, poor girl."

"Hasn't she any relatives or friends, mother?"

"No relations, I fancy, nor friends neither, except one she's often talked to me of, who sent her a little box of lovely flowers last Easter, from France; and that's her godmother, a Mrs. Seymour."

"Oh, and does she ever come, then, mother?"

"No. Mrs. Lansdowne told me that this lady and her mother were close friends, and eight years ago, when she died—Mrs. Lansdowne's mother, I mean—Mrs. Seymour was with her; and since then my young lady has not seen her godmother."

"Odd, that, if they are fond of each other," said Polly. "Was Mrs. Seymour rich?"

"Well off she is, for her life; but Mrs. Lansdowne says she has six children and several grand-children, and the money is left to them, when she dies. She used to write to my lady upstairs—doesn't know how bad off she's felt—and, besides, Mrs. Seymour is old, very delicate, and has to live abroad a lot, and has had a heap of her own troubles. So, as Mrs. Lansdowne says, it's a wonder she can ever remember her at all. She hasn't even heard of her at all since Easter last, I know, and hasn't a notion where she is. Only a few weeks ago she said she was anxious about her godmother, and thought she should write to her last address."

"Did she?"

"No, not yet—didn't quite like to, I expect. And got her own troubles too, poor thing. Well, I do hope she'll get on some time, for she deserves to. I take her up the Telegraph every day, for the advertisements, and she reads all the news. The gentleman in the parlors, he goes to the City at half-past eight, and leaves his paper, so I take it up to my lady. Now we'll have supper, Polly."

And the good woman began to set the table.

* * * * * *

A sorrowful enough story had been outlined by good-hearted Mrs. Keats, and the worst of it was that it was true—only too every day a story, unhappily—the innocent, girlish fancy of scarcely seventeen for a handsome face and soft tongue, mistaken for love, a man's evanescent passion for a very winsome girl, a reckless marriage, bitter awakening, and disenchantment—his sudden death, and then poverty and stern struggle for bread—only another form of the sad song:

"O it was pitiful,
  Near a whole city full,
  Friends she had none."

And Beryl's very pride and fine feeling had made her guard her troubles with rigid jealousy from the true-hearted godmother—her mother's friends—just because of the many past loving-kindnesses to that dear mother; just because she knew of the many claims on her Mrs. Seymour had in her own family.

From the little secret cell in which memory stores up treasure this godmother's dear sweet face was never really absent. But for months past Beryl had been too absorbed by her own mental pressure to, as it were, sentiently think of Alice Seymour; and to-night, more than ever, her thoughts were centred on her child and the work that must be done by to-morrow's noon, if bare food were to be obtained for the next week. And then that rent, the doctor's bill—a mere bagatelle to many, but a load of debt to the poor hand-to-mouth artist.

The doctor had told her not to "bother about his account, that could wait," and said he would look in now and again; but Dottie needed a spell of sea-air to get strong, and thorough good feeding up. Poor mother! truly her heart knew its own bitterness.

Still his kindness, and that of her humble friend the landlady, cheered Beryl a little; doubtless, too, that genial, dancing blaze Mrs. Keats left behind her, like an allegory of her own warm heart, had its effect—the physical and mental are so closely allied in their mutual influence; and when Dottie was in bed and fast asleep in the little bedroom next to the sitting-room, the artist went back to her work with, at least, something less of mental and physical weariness; and when, at length, she herself went to bed, she fell asleep sooner than over-strain of fatigue usually allowed her to do.

Morpheus is as fickle as Fortune, and will not be wooed with eyes too tired to close restfully. And when Beryl slept, dreams, tangled and confused at first, began to weave themselves about the sleepless inner self, freed from Reason's control.

Why is it that, in the mysterious and for ever inexplicable psychology of dreams, we scarcely ever—one, perhaps, may even say never—dream of our dead as being dead—they are always living. Even if we are looking on a corpse, it is sure to presently move, speak, arise, and we become (in a dream) conscious that all the time the corpse was alive, and that we knew it.

Is it that the sleepless and deathless soul cannot recognize Death, the punishment of sin, the corruptible mortality, but only present the perfection of Divine Truth—that whether for good or ill, body and soul alike have an eternity of life from birth?

Tangled dreams at first haunted the sleeper, but full of pain and darkness, for her husband was somehow in them all, now throwing dice in the weighing-room at Newmarket, in a jumble of jockeys and horses; then he was playing cards, and putting her back when she strove to stop him, telling her, with gibing laugh, that he was gambling her away to the Czar of Russia, which she heard with the extraordinary coolness with which, in dreams, we most often view the most horrible crime or sin.

Then the whole scene changed, took a strange vivid reality, unlike most dreams. She was in the sitting-room at her table, with her block before her, ready for her to draw the illustrations; it was so distinct, so free from that mist and darkness of a dream; she moved her hand to take up her pencil, but instead, looking down, she saw a letter in her fingers—a small, bluish envelope, edged with a narrow black border, and addressed to herself distinctly, in a small, clear, female hand, as familiar as her own. She knew it at once for Mrs. Seymour's, and her heart bounded as she opened it and read the beginning of the letter. These were the first words:

"MY DEAR BERYL,

"I am dead!"

that woke her with a sharp wrench, startled, and quivering with wide open eyes fixed on the daylight, anxiously, and yet so deeply, painfully impressed by the intense reality of the dream, that she actually sat up and moved her hand over the coverlet, half expecting to find the letter.

"How stupid of me," she muttered then, sinking back again, the cold drops of moisture on her forehead. "It's only a dream, but so vivid, so real. I can see those underlined words still."

There it was, so real, that she could not shake off the impression it had made on her, and when later, Mrs. Keats came up to clear the breakfast things, and bring up the Telegraph, Beryl looked so anxious that the landlady asked her if her head ached this morning?

"No," Beryl said, "only I cannot get out of my head a singular dream I had. You don't laugh at such feelings, I know, so I don't mind telling you what it was. Dottie, my darling, take your picture book to the rug."

The child obeyed instantly, and Beryl, in a low voice, told Mrs. Keats her dream.

"I can see the black-edged letter and those words now," she ended, "as plainly as if the paper was literally before my eyes."

"It's an odd thing, ma'am, certainly. Was you thinking of your godmother lately?"

"Certainly not; my mind has been too full of trouble, Mrs. Keats; but I am fidgety now. I must really write to her old address, only I am not sure she is at home. It is in the country her home is. Is that my Telegraph?—thanks. I have only time to glance through it at present, for these drawings must be done to-day."

She took the paper to the table by the window as Mrs. Keats retired with the tray.

Glancing hastily down the columns of print, as one does when business presses hard on time, Mrs. Lansdowne 'skimmed' the news—political, foreign, odd bits—and presently came upon "Wills and bequests," taken, as usual, from the Illustrated London News. Down the first few names of testators, who had left more or less big sums, she carelessly ran her eye till it came to the usual last paragraph which encloses the "lesser lights."

"Amongst other wills and bequests are those of——"

"Oh, I haven't time to read all these notedies," Beryl said, half aloud, impatiently, and tossed the sheet on the floor.

In that instant something—she never knew what—a sudden, resistless impulse, impelled her, as by a force stronger than herself, to re-take the paper and read through that very list; and the last on it she read this:

"And the will of Mrs. Alice Mary Seymour, late of 7 Lanark Gardens, Brighton, who died on August 18th last, was sworn under £20,000."

The paper fell from a nerveless hand. Beryl sat still before the shock that went right through her.

"Dead!" she whispered at last, covering her face. "So many months dead, and I not to know it; never to have seen her dear face once more. They might have written this to me. Stay, am I unjust to her children?" Beryl lifted herself. "They are all grown up—married away whilst I was still a mere girl; they never knew me, and, perhaps, do not even know my address any more than I do theirs; but I must find out, I must learn where and how she died. Had she been ill long, I wonder? That strange dream, that curious impulse that made me re-read this paper. Yes, I see it all. In the mysterious beyond the grave, her spirit was unrestful—knew that her godchild, her old friend's child, knew nothing of her death, and wished me to know."

She sat with clasped hands for minutes, absorbed in thoughts, half sorrowful, half sweet, through all the deep regret; so absorbed, indeed, that Dottie's tiny, soft fingers in her hand made her start with a wrench back to the present.

"My darling! What is it?"

"Mother not to cry," whispered Dottie, coaxingly, with big, wistful eyes.

"Ah! baby—baby, mother has so much to cry for, that you cannot dream of," muttered the mother, straining the child to

her heart. "Play on, my precious one, mother must work."

The inexorable work first. It was not till late at night that she could write her letter to the son of her godmother, asking for some details of Mrs. Seymour's death, and telling exactly the curious facts which had led her to so write.

Where Mr. Seymour lived she did not know, but she knew the business address of an uncle of his, a city merchant, and sent her letter under cover to this latter gentleman, begging him to forward it.

But more than a week passed, and still no answer came. That was odd, certainly.

* * * * * *

One morning a spick-and-span Westend hansom turned into the second rate lodging-house street near Tottenham Court Road, where dwelt worthy Mrs. Keats, and pulled up at her door, No. 20.

Out of it sprang a gentleman, a tall, very good looking man, perhaps three or four and thirty, who bade his cabman wait, whether for short or long time, and knocked at the door.

Mrs. Keats hurried up, and opened the door.

"Doesn't a Mrs. Lansdowne lodge here?" asked the stranger's pleasant musical voice.

"Yes, sir. Did you want to see her?"

"Yes, please, on business, if she is at home."

Mrs. Keats had at once decided this was a gentleman from one of them pictor'l papers, and wanted her young lady to draw for him.

"Oh, she's at home, sir, I know. Will you come up, please, sir? What name shall I say?"

This as he followed her upstairs.

"My name is Fotheringay."

Mrs. Keats tapped and opened the door, beginning:

"A gentleman, ma'am, to—— Why, where's your ma, dear?" she added, quickly, perceiving Dottie to be alone in the room, and Fotheringay heard the prettiest of childish voices say:

"Mother's don to the post. She tan't be long."

She never left her treasure long alone, of course.

"Will you please to step in, sir, and wait. Mrs. Lansdowne's sure to be back shortly."

"Thanks!"

The door shut as he passed in, his quick eye at once taking in the shabby room, that yet had such nameless touches of refinement and art about it; he saw that as he paused to lay his hat and gloves on the table, and as he turned, Dottie go up from behind a big old armchair, and stood still on the rug, gazing fixedly at the stranger with that wistful, searching look, with which children and dogs gaze on a new face.

He, too stood waiting the result, amused, captivated.

"You bonnie wee thing," he thought, and smiled as a beaming smile broke over the pale, delicate, baby-face; and Dottie ran straight to him, with outstretched arms.

Fotheringay caught her up to his breast.

"You dear little creature!" he said, as Dottie threw her arms around his neck, and nestled her soft face against his bronzed cheek. "Love at first sight, is it, wee sweetheart?"

He sat down in that old armchair, and kept the child on his knee; she softly stroking his curly locks, then his silky moustache.

"Pitty—pitty!" said she; "me loves you."

"By Jove, baby! you'll witch harder hearts than mine some day!" muttered the man, with a half laugh, as he kissed the fair face. "I wonder if the mother is young and pretty? Whew!—Hubert said he never saw her. And what is your name, tiny?" aloud.

"Dottie Lansdowne," returned she, with dignity, "What yours?"

"Austin Fotheringay. Say it, Dottie."

"Austin Fother——" Dottie stopped at such a mouthful. "Oh, me tan't," said she, half saucily, half shyly, burying her face on his breast, in the fur of ulster; and at that moment Beryl came in.

"Young and lovely! What a picture!" flashed across the young man, as he instantly put down Dottie, and sprang up, coming forwards to Beryl.

"Forgive my cool intrusion, Mrs. Lansdowne," he said, smiling. "May I introduce myself as Austin Fotheringay, an old friend of Mrs. Seymour's son, from whom I bear a letter in reply to one from you?" He held out a letter as he spoke.

"From my dear godmother's son! How kind of you; and now Mr. Fotheringay," added Beryl, flushing with pleasure, "won't you sit down—and may I read the letter?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Lansdowne. The delay arose because Hubert Seymour's uncle was not in town when you wrote, so my friend Hubert did not know it till yesterday, in the North; and as I was coming back to town, he asked me to be his messenger. He showed me your letter, because of the curious contents."

"Ah, yes! so strange, isn't it? Dottie, don't trouble Mr. Fotheringay," as Dottie was climbing to his knees again.

"Indeed, she could not do that," Austin quickly said, gathering the form to him closely. "I love children."

Then she smiled.

"What a sweet smile," he thought, as she read the letter, which, after giving her first details of Alice Seymour's long, last illness and death, then spoke of the singular dream and incident following it, which had made her write.

"Just in time," the writer continued, "for I, as my dear mother's executor, was about to try and find you out; for, on her death-bed, she left a trifling little remembrance of love to her dear god-child, Beryl, of which my friend is the bearer."

Beryl sat for minutes with averted face, too deeply moved to speak.

A trifle!—the merest trifle—an old book or ring, no matter what, that had been Alice Seymour's, were a treasure to her heart. More than all, the thought that with all her own children around her death-bed, Alice had actually even then remembered her; thought of her, loved her despite the exigencies that had prevented their meeting since so many years.

"Oh," she said, at last, turning, "how good of her to think of me! How I shall treasure the merest trifle she has left me, for her sake!"

Fotheringay leaned forwards, and laid before her a folded paper.

"That is her gift," he said, gently. "And but for your singular dream it might have been long in finding its way to you. Her spirit will rest now that her loving wishes are fulfilled."

"God rest her soul!" half whispered Beryl.

Then, with trembling fingers, she unfolded the paper.

It was a cheque for—what? The letter and figures danced, scintillated. Impossible it could be such a sum. Why, just now it was wealth, happiness, salvation from debt, recovered strength for her child! And yet it was only a hundred pounds.

Only!—is not all gold relative? To the very man who had brought the gift and its sunlight the whole sum was almost a bagatelle; but, to the struggling, widowed young mother, fresh life and hope.

She sat like one overwhelmed. Her lips moved. She was scarcely conscious that words fell from him.

"Oh, this is mercy—goodness! Did she know how I needed it for my baby? and——"

She bent her head on her hands suddenly, with a deep sob.

Relief from a dead weight is sometimes at first almost as trying to bear as the pressure it lifts.

Austin kept the child's attention, to give Beryl time to recover; but his own heart ached for the revelation all this was to him.

She was poor, then, suffering—she and this wee creature in his arms!

"It's a topsy-turvy world," he said, presently, with a half sigh, as he rose. "Can I be of any service to you, Mrs. Lansdowne? May I have the pleasure of cashing that check, to save you the trouble? It is crossed, you see."

"Indeed, you are too kind! How can I——"

"Don't say trouble," he said, smiling, and taking her hand, "my cab is waiting; I will be back very soon."

"How can I thank you?" she said, her soft, grateful eyes full of tears.

"There is nothing to thank me for, since I am pleasing myself, you know. I'm an idle fellow; and my time is my own. Au revoir, then, for half an hour."

When he returned he did not stop at all, save to deliver the money safely to Beryl; but when he drove away, he vowed he would see that sweet face again—and soon!

He had a sister married; he would invoke her aid. What would men do without the aid of a woman in such a position?

A quarter of an hour after Austin had gone, Mrs. Keats heard the kitchen door open, and in came her lodger with a piece of white paper in her hand.

"Why, my dear, how odd you look!" exclaimed the landlady. "What's the matter? Law bless us, poor child."

For poor Beryl suddenly flung her arms about her neck, and burst into a passion of tears, that would no longer be kept back, strive as she would to speak.

"Here it is—all I owe you, dear!—all through that dream!" came in sobs at last; "and oh, I am so happy! How should I ever think she would leave me anything at all?"

"But what is it all, dear? There, that's better," kissing the young fair face, as Beryl recovered herself a little.

"You darling good woman!" she said, impulsively. "Look at this! It is yours—yours!"

"Law, child, it is a ten pound note!" cried Mrs. Keats, in amaze.

Then Beryl told her the whole sequel to the dream.

"And I am sure it all seems like a dream still, Mrs. Keats," she said; "only the loving thought of me, even amidst all her own family, was real; and the gift, that will do so much for me, is real enough. Why, see, here is your debt paid, which you so much needed; and I can pay the doctor's balance off, and buy Dottie and myself a fit out of clothing, and, when it gets warmer, take her to the seaside for a week or two. Oh! what a blessing a little money can be made!" said she, with tears in her voice.

"That's truth, ma'am, indeed. Well, I don't know when I've been more glad, dear; for you do work 'ard, and deserve to get on."

"Dear old Keats! perhaps I shall now," said Beryl, brightly. "I'll take my Dottie shopping this afternoon, as soon as the sketches are done."

Dottie asked, "When that pitty Mr. Austin Fother-din-day would come again?"

Beryl laughed at that struggle through the name.

"Why, not at all, my pet, I think. Come along."

"Oh, yes, he'll come," said Dottie, confidently nodding; "'cause me loves him, and he said, O such a lot of things."

But Dottie proved a true little prophetess; for, a week later, her tall sweetheart made his appearance, accompanied by a lady, whom he introduced as his sister, Mrs. Evelyn.

"You see, Mrs. Lansdowne," she said, cordially, "my brother has told me all the singular story, and I was so anxious to have the pleasure of knowing dear Mrs. Seymour's godchild, and this Dottie too, that I told Austin he must bring me, and trust to your kindness to forgive my unceremonious call."

"Indeed, it is too kind of you both," Beryl answered, as she did the honors of the tea-table, and cared nothing that the room was shabby.

And when Mrs. Evelyn begged her to call on her, she promised, simply and gratefully.

She could call now that she had a better wardrobe, she thought. What a sweet woman this was! and so like her brother. And what a nice face he had!

So an acquaintance began, which that artful Austin quickly improved upon, thanks partly to Miss Dottie, who made desperate love to him, and screamed with delight when she heard his step on the stair; while her mother's soft cheek presently would flush a little, and her heart throb, at that familiar step.

One afternoon quite early in March, Fotheringay, who had earlier carried off his wee sweetheart for a drive, brought her back to tea, laden with toys.

"Such a doll, such boxes of bricks, mother!"

"Such spoiling, I'm afraid," added the pretty mother, making the tea, with a curious consciousness of a pair of dark eyes following her movements as their owner stood by the mantelpiece. "Run with your hat and coat into the next room, Dottie, and wash your hands for tea. You really do let her bother you too much, Mr. Fotheringay," as Dottie ran off.

"Do I?" he smiled, as Beryl replaced the kettle; "but then, you know, she has been my sweetheart hitherto, pulling his moustache; "only I'm afraid I should have to wait so many years for her."

He said it so gravely that Beryl, a little startled with a vague, sharp pain, glanced up, then down quickly.

"She is only five, and I over thirty; don't you think," said Austin, softly, eyes and lips smiling down on her, "that a transfer of the gift would be better, Beryl?"

She looked up, startled, flushing, but the light leaping to her eyes.

"My darling, my wife then," Austin said, and gathered her to his heart, pressing his lips to hers. "You will come to me very soon, dearest?" came at length. "I cannot spare you many weeks, you know. You and Dottie both want all my care and love."

"Dear Austin, yes' when you will."

Which was unreasonably soon, we may be sure. Mrs. Keats was overjoyed, and Dottie, too, fully understanding that mother was happy, because they were always to live with father now, and Keaty be their cook.

"And law, sir," Mrs. Keats would often say, looking benignly from Austin to his young wife, "only to think of your getting married, and all of us so happy, all through a singular dream!"

Scientific and Useful.

Cork.—Artificial cork is among the recent German inventions. The method of production consists in mixing powdered cork with starch and water, and kneading the mass while boiling hot until it is thoroughly mixed. This substance is then poured into moulds for forming the articles, and afterwards dried at a very high temperature. The metal is described as quite light, and possesses non-conducting properties.

Salt in China.—A wonderful example of patience in the Chinese is afforded by a consular Report dealing with the manufacture of salt in Central China. Holes about six inches in diameter are bored in the rock by means of a primitive form of iron drill, and sometimes a period of forty years elapses before the coveted brine is reached, so that the work is carried on from one generation to another. During this time the boring, as may be imagined, goes down to an immense depth. When brine is found, it is drawn up in bamboo tubes by a rope working over a large drum turned by bullocks. The brine is evaporated in iron caldrons, the heat being supplied by natural gas; which is generally found in the vicinity of the salt wells.

Storm Telephones.—The telephone is about to have a new application namely, that of foretelling storms. A new discovery has been made as to one of the properties of this means of transmitting sound. By placing two iron bars at seven or eight metres distance from each other, and then putting them in communication on one side by a copper wire covered with rubber, and on the other side with a telephone, a storm can, it is said, be predicted at least twelve hours ahead through a dead sound heard in the receiver. According as the storm advances the sound resembles the beating of hail-stones against the windows. Every flash of lightning, and of course every clap of thunder that accompanies the storm, produces a shock similar to that of a stone cast between the diaphragm and the instrument.

Farm and Garden.

Burns or Scalds.—To hasten the cure of a burn or scald, there is nothing more soothing and effective than the white of an egg. It is contact with the air which makes a burn so painful. The egg acts as a varnish and excludes the air completely and also prevents inflammation.

Tree-Roots.—The roots of large fruit trees form a network over quite a space around each tree, and to attempt to grow crops near the trees will result in small yields of the grain or vegetable grown. Even when rows are filled with manure the roots of the tree will appropriate it. This fact is evidence that fruit trees should receive manure or fertilizer in order to yield large crops of perfect fruit.

Breeding.—Breeding in and in may tend to fix the characteristics of certain strains, of families, but sooner or later the results will be lack of constitutional vigor. Those who adhere strictly to pedigree are better enabled to avoid in-breeding of the stock than those who do not. While pedigree of itself adds nothing to an animal as an individual, yet it distinctly points to the family to which the individual belongs, and enables the owner to arrive at a partial knowledge of its future performances.

Hay and Forks.—To put hay in the mangers or racks with a steel-tined fork is dangerous. A safe fork may be made by shaving a stick of tough wood to the size of a fork handle. Split one end into three parts and back eighteen inches from the end. Fit an iron ring tight around the handle, just back of termination of the splits. Put blocks between the split parts to hold them apart as far as desired. Put small screws and pegs through the parts into the blocks to hold them in place. Make the parts round, round off their ends and the fork is done.

Headache, Languor and Melancholy generally spring from a Disordered Stomach, Costiveness, or a Torpid Liver.—Each may readily be removed by Dr. D. Jayne's Sanative Pills, a few doses of which will be found to stimulate the Liver and Stomach to healthy action, remove all biliousness, and produce regular evacuations of the bowels.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 12, 1892.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
[IN ADVANCE.]

1 Copy One Year..... $2.00
2 Copies One Year..... 3.00
4 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 6.00
10 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club..... 10.00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check or Registered Letter.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Publication office, 725 Sansom St.

To Contributors and Correspondents.

Contributors must enclose stamps for return of MSS. in case of rejection. THE POST will not be responsible for them where this condition is not complied with. Always enclose postage for correspondence, or other business matter requiring separate reply, to insure response.

A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST, and of which descriptions and reduced illustrations are given on another page. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

The Home and World.

Comparatively few of us realize the meaning of education. We think of it as carried on in schoolrooms, by the aid of books and other formal appliances; but we forget the equally important processes that shape the character during the ten hours a day which the child passes out of school.

Yet multitudes have been well educated without knowing anything of printed matter; they have known the world of men, they have read the story-book of Nature, they have obtained a mastery over the practical details of the work by which mankind exists in comfort.

Granted that it is all the better to have book-learning, provided we are not puffed up by it; but there is a very generous education outside it. Two phases of that education form our subject; they are the influences of the home in education and the influences of the world outside the home—the world of business and pleasure into which a lad is turned adrift when he "leaves home."

Unless home-culture and world-culture supplement the formal lessons which are ground by rote into the lad or maiden, there has been very little genuine education; the dreariest and most stunted being that the world can produce is an almshouse child that has been shut out from contact with the workday world and has never known what it is to have a home.

We wish, however, to overleap the days of childhood, and to show what are the formative influences which are valuable in home-life and where their drawbacks are to be found—what are the influences of the world, their advantages and disadvantages.

One of the features of home-culture is that it mixes the sexes. The lad takes his first idea of women from his mother and his sisters; the girl fashions mankind after the heroes of her favorite tales, but the main lines of construction none the less follow the moral and spiritual build of her father and brothers. When the lad gets out into the world, every effort will be made by the shallow set of knowing ones to displace the early ideals of womanhood, and to make the young adventurer believe that there are two great divisions of womankind—first, one's mother and sisters and other fellows' mothers and sisters, and, second, the rest of women, who may be treated with a flippancy and an inconsiderateness that would not be tolerated in the first-named cases.

But the youth who has had a good home-training, with women around him, and who has true grit in him, can hardly fall away into the barbarism of the loungers who condescendingly "chaff" women whose work is done in public.

The ideal man is the man of the world who has been at hand-grips with the roguerics practised under the name of smart business, who knows very well how insincerity hides beneath a polish of good manners—the more perfect the polish the better the disguise—who can guard against the cheat without appearing suspicious, who can rub shoulders with evil and yet not take a stain, who can meet the fresh thought of other men on questions which he had regarded as settled and feel no surprise or spasm of condemnation, but can keep his head and judge afresh every new conjunction of circumstances, who has seen most of what the world has to show, has thought over its lessons, has discounted its enormities, who knows, in fact, and who still is not spoiled, but keeps fresh and unsullied the generous impulses of youth, and preserves the ideals of home, yet guarding himself from rude rebuffs and disenchantment by his experience.

Nor need it follow that, because a man has had experience, it must make him sad; for knowledge of the world includes a sounding of the depths of human devotion, discovery of gleams of goodness in most unexpected places, a realization of the big fact that, on the whole, worth does register its full effect in the long run, and that, give Time scope enough, he will "wrong the wronger till he render right."

There is no necessary antagonism between the education of the home and education by the world, but the one is the complement of the other. Home-training ought to be a preparation for being wise instead of worldly wise or "knowing."

Not unfrequently the young man who goes out into the world tries to make up for having felt himself a novice at first by putting on at the earliest possible moment an air of preternatural cunning; he "knows his way about" now; he is altogether beyond reach of the admonitions of home, and he too often takes to himself new standards of conduct when he begins to act as his own outfitter.

This is the type of youth who develops into the worldly-wise or cunning man, unless he is fortunate enough to realize early, through an accession of "grief's wealth—experience," how foolish he is.

The cunning man who has the wisdom of the serpent without the harmlessness that should be its accompaniment may be cocksure and jaunty in his confidence, but he will hardly succeed in putting his own opinion of himself into circulation, for his self-assurance is a perpetual warning to others to beware of him.

The fact is, the education of the world unwisely utilized is as prolific in the production of prigs as is the education of the schools.

Mellowed wisdom is sure to have with it an element of humility. The man of the world, too, will find his true centre of rest at home. It cannot be too often repeated that, although the strenuous part of a man's life is generally spent away from home, as he struggles with his fellows for the means of existence, it is in the family circle that the life which is the fruit of worldly victory is best enjoyed, if the moral atmosphere of the place is what it ought to be.

To be at peace in one's own house, with loving kinsfolk and friends around, and there to find rational rest and amusement is not only to provide the best school in which character may be formed in the young, but to secure the most natural recuperation for middle-age, and to make a haven of rest for the years of decline.

OUR speech is but a fractional part of our real influence. Without undervaluing its power, it is not to be denied that the very same words which at times inspire emotion, infuse desires, and control the conduct will at other times leave the heart cold and the life unchanged. It is not, then, the words themselves, but what they convey that gives them their power. They are but a medium to carry thoughts, feelings, desires, resolutions; and if they are not charged with these they fall flat and powerless. Heart speaks to heart in a language of its own, and it understands no other.

MANY boys and girls never learn the full meaning of gratitude. They imagine that its chief office is to make, if possible, some corresponding return. If they would remember that the benefit conferred consists much more in the feeling of kindness, goodwill, or sympathy which prompts it than in anything actually given or done, they would have a different view of the sort of gratitude that ought to follow.

AS SOON as we lay ourselves entirely at His feet, we have enough light given us to guide our own steps; as the foot-soldier, who hears nothing of the councils that determine the course of the great battle he is in, hears plainly enough the word of command which he must himself obey.

Now and then one sees a face which has kept its smile pure and undefiled. It is a woman's face, usually; often a face which has a trace of great sorrow all over it, till the smile breaks. Such a smile transfigures a face. If the artful but know it, it is the greatest weapon a face can have.

THE best way to live is to cast away troubles and contentions, which cannot be cured by fretting. In justice to the requirements of the present, you should not look back and make yourself wretched over things that cannot be undone.

THE man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh upon him can have no hope from them afterward; they will be dissipated, lost, stifled in the bustle of the world, or swamped in the slough of indolence.

IF we must have heroes and wars wherein to make them, there is no war so brilliant as a war with wrong; no hero so fit to be sung as he who has gained the bloodless victory of truth and mercy.

IT is not in our open exposed deeds that we need the still voice of the silent monitor, but in the small secret every-day acts of life.

THINK right and you will act right.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

JANE.—Spirit of ammonia is the best thing to clean hair brushes with, as it does not soften the bristles like soap or soda. If a teaspoonful of ammonia is mixed with a quart of water, the brush need only be dipped in the solution for a moment, and all grease is removed. The brush should then be rinsed in cold water shaken well, and dried in the air, but not in the sun.

SHECKLEY.—The law of 1794 prohibits any worldly employment or business on Sunday. Shooting, sport or any other diversion is against the law. The sale of fireworks is prohibited by the law of 1721, which imposes a fine of 5 shillings for violation of same. The statute of 1705 prohibits tippling in taverns on Sunday, under the penalty of being placed in the stocks.

ELEANOR.—Do not allow yourself to be too much troubled about the opinion of your friends. If you are a person of any character they love and admire you for yourself and not for your possessions. Receive them cordially and act in a real, self-respectful, and hospitable manner, and you will have no reason to complain of them. You can do no more to attract the young man than endeavor to be easy, natural, and agreeable in his company. If he likes you now he will not like you less if you are amiable.

EVE.—Chauvin (pronounced as if spelled "showvang," accent on first syllable) was the name of the principal character in a French comedy, played with immense success at the time of the Restoration. He represented a bragging veteran of the empire, who was continually talking of his achievements at Austerlitz and Jena, and his determination to take a brilliant revenge for Waterloo. Since then a chauvinist has come to mean a man who has extravagant and narrow-minded notions of patriotism, and corresponding enmity towards all foreigners.

DAISY F.—You should not be discouraged. Keep trying. Practice the habit of reading slowly and distinctly. When you find that there are certain words which you can utter more easily than others, practice particularly on them, speaking them more and more rapidly, but never so rapidly as to occasion hesitation or stammering. Practice also on words that is is difficult for you to utter, until you can speak them easily. By close attention and assiduous practice you can, in a few years, largely overcome the impediment in your speech.

LINELLA.—At the close of the Franco-Prussian war the wounded German officers, who recovered from their injuries, were presented by the Government, upon leaving the hospital, with a pair of crutch-handled walking sticks, upon which was engraved the dates of the battles at which they were wounded. This idea was immediately seized upon by the manufacturers of canes and umbrella handles, and a crutch-handled umbrella or cane in hammered silver or gold, ivory, ebony, or natural wood became all the fashion. This is the explanation of your father's acquisition. The sender of the cane probably was a German.

ROVER.—The gentleman referred to seems only to be gratifying a selfish desire on his part to win your admiration, forgetting that in so doing he prevents you from making an acceptable match with some one who would be more expeditious in wooing you. Doubtless you have shown him too plainly that you love him, and on that account he does not appreciate it. You should be more circumspect in your actions, and let him understand that your feelings cannot be trampled upon in such a manner. If he intends to marry you, it should be so stated, and then you will know how to act toward him. Do not allow any undue freedom on his part until such time as he shall be entitled thereto.

TOM B.—The so-called hat flirtation is as follows: Carrying it in the right hand—desirous of acquaintance; carrying it in the left hand—I despise you; running the finger round the crown—I love you; running the hand round the rim—I hate you; wearing it on the right side of the head—no; on the left side of the head—yes; wearing it on the back of the head—I wish to speak to you; inclining it towards the nose—we are watched; putting it behind you—I am married; putting it in front of you—I am single; carrying it in the hand by the crown—follow me; putting it under the right arm—wait for me; touching the edge of the rim to the lips—does he accompany you? putting it on the head straight—all for the present.

ELLA.—Various explanations have been given of the connection of the ring with marriage. It would seem, according to the writings of ancient authors, that wedding-rings were worn by the Jews prior to Christian times. We are told that as the delivery of the signet-ring to any one was a sign of confidence, so the giving of a ring by the husband to his wife indicated that she was admitted to his confidence. Another explanation is that the form of the ring symbolizes eternity and constancy; and it has been asserted that the left hand was chosen to denote the wife's subjection to her husband, and the third finger because it thereby pressed a vein which was supposed to communicate directly with the heart. The third finger was always the one upon which official rings were worn. Bishops, on their consecration, received a ring to be worn on the third finger of the right hand, in order to indicate ecclesiastical authority. A ring has been much used at betrothal as well as marriage, and in some portions of Europe a wedding-ring is worn by the husband as well as the wife.

ACROSS THE FIELD.

BY ROWAN STEVENS.

Across the dewy field she goes
  Alone upon her summer's day,
And t'ward her hands the sweet wild rose
  As if to hold her on her way.

Oh, pink and pale wild roses, blow
  Amid the morning's diamond light,
And gold and crimson poppies glow
  Against the daisy's gleaming white.

But down the winding path she slips,
  Where slender grasses sway and swing,
Trilling from careless, curving lips
  A song to cheer her wayfaring.

And swift her feet go twinkling by
  And fall the far notes low with her,
Then in the hapless distance die—
  And all my summers go with her.

A Costly Price.

BY MEG DYAN.

HE WAS POOR. One glance showed that. Poor, with that hardest, most pinching, grinding, bitter poverty of all—the poverty of gentility.

For he was a gentleman. One glance also showed that. The thin worn features, the slightly haughty curve of the mobile smileless lips, betrayed breeding, as surely as did the refined quiet voice—when it was heard.

He was only an artist, one of the many who have, time after time, travelled up to the great city, which hearsay has told them is teeming with riches and Art, full of burning aspirations and dazzling, alluring hopes of a future, that shall be successful, and famous, and later on, prosperous.

And he was one of the many who had failed.

By cruel slow degrees—for youth is ever terribly slow to relinquish hope—had the ghastly and utterly hideous truth been borne in upon him—he was a failure! His aspirations and hopes were not to be fulfilled. One by one, he had seen those hopes dwindle down and fade away, just as his small stock of gold had dwindled down and faded away. And once his hopes had been as golden as his sovereigns, Now both were vanishing together, burnt out, melted, gone in the fierce fire of failure.

His small, but comfortable studio, where he had first began, in the fever-heat of his desire to work, had long since been vacated, and with it he had dropped those gay, reckless comrades, many of whom were sharing just his fate, had he but known it and he had moved to an uglier, because a cheaper, locality. Here had he brought none of those bright delusive hopes, that had made life so bright at first, only a stern, unquenchable determination to do or die!

Time passed on, another flitting, with still more diminished possessions but yet unconquered resolves, to a tiny garret, sky-high and sloping-roofed. Its one recommendation was, a good light was admitted and pierced in through its unusually large window. A capital light, considering the poor chances that casement had been given for usefulness, surrounded as it closely was by stacks of tall, grimy, unsightly chimney-pots. A goodly draught blew in all round too, and often stirred the loose tossed curls of the artist's hair, as he sat so incessantly there; but one cannot have everything, and if one gets a good light in the very heart of a great over-crowded city, one must be prepared to pay for it.

But he heeded not the breezes that crept in through those hot stifling days, they only brought to his weary aching brain refreshment. It is in the winter one notices a draught, and winter had not come—yet.

And here he labored on, hard and unceasingly, not for fame now, but for daily bread. His visions of glory had faded for ever, no "roseate hues" tinged his horizon now, the leaden hopeless hue of "blight" had enshrouded all.

The damp clay, under his marvellous touch, took exquisite form and shape—truly could he, from a lump of cold, heavy earth, fashion, as did the great Master of his Art of old, from a block of marble, angels.

He made no friends now. Those of his earlier days, with whom he could have associated, he had lost sight of through his pride—his neighbors now were not to his liking, and moreover, unremitting toil is not conducive to the growth of friendship.

He sometimes held long dreamy intercourse with the lovely faces and forms about him—alas! far too plentifully about him, for their very presence was one unspoken record of his hopes and failures—sweet poetic thoughts, matching the beauty of his creations. But that is a one-sided pleasure, and his cheerfulness did not grow thereby.

From break of day till fall of dusk did his tireless fingers toil on, and only when darkness had fallen over the small silent room did he ever lay his tools aside and leave for a time the depressing narrowness of those four white-washed walls and that low sloping roof to satisfy the cravings of his poor neglected body.

His great genius-filled soul was rapidly wearing out its frail earthly tenement, but there was no one by to heed it or to warn him. And all his thoughts were on his work.

Lately, the simple necessaries of life had often been missing from the sparsely filled cupboard in the corner, for the winter had set in with unusual severity, and already food was growing higher in price and fuel becoming scarce and dear. The cruel fingers of gaunt poverty had began to close with iron relentless grip around the children of men, following, as it ever does, quickly on the steps of King Winter.

But on the pinched yet still beautiful face of the artist had lately come a strange unearthly glow—like the brilliant crimson glory of an after-gleam from a setting sun—something of the look his features had worn when first he started on his career.

Oh! those happy, glorious, hope-filled days.

It was the spark of genius burning up again, clear and bright and true—the flame of the immortal fire from heaven shining through the delicate, almost transparent vessel which held it.

He had been wandering one day through some old gallery, as was occasionally his wont, drinking in, with absorbed brain and earnest, concentrated gaze, the lessons taught him by the everlasting works of the great masters, and as he slowly, unheedful of the cold and piercing wind, that went through his threadbare coat, wended his way towards that tiny comfortless room, that he, for lack of a better, yet called "home" his brain was all on fire.

The spark had burst into fervent heat and his conception was complete.

Near the entrance to the house where he lived a girl was standing facing him as he came along. At her feet was a large basket full of sweet flowers and green ferns—far too full for evening-time, for it told of a bad day's sale—her hands were raised to her head, arranging the loose twist of hair, which had evidently been too strongly caressed by the boisterous gusts of wind, and the careless attitude displayed every graceful curve of the slight childish figure to supreme advantage.

The man paused and the artist soul within him gazed enraptured. His ideal had taken shape and stood before him. The model for his work was found, here at his very door! If only he could win her consent to sit to him. He spoke to her, a few low words about the cold day, then her pretty flowers, and she replied with the utter frankness and air of bon camarade that distinguish the poor.

He had soon told her his desires, and she as quickly had consented to satisfy them. The very next day was she to go to him for "a sitting." She did not know what that meant, but she had looked up into his face, and that look had satisfied her for then and for ever. One glance at those deep, earnest, intensely sad eyes and her trust was his for all time.

He ransacked his old chest and unearthed some soft falling draperies, and these he arranged about her figure with his gentle, nervous, artistic touch, making every fold a curve of beauty. And then he posed her.

And so the sittings began for her, and for him began the work that would make his name or annihilate his last despairing hope.

At first she was shy and conscious under those long, absorbed gazes of his into her face, but that passed, and she grew as eager and excited over his progress as ever he was himself.

Then she won him to talk to her. It sounded strangely unreal to hear voices in that, heretofore, so silent room, but she drew him on to tell her of himself, of his happy careless boyhood, and then of the failure of his manhood's aspirations.

"But" she would say, while her lovely eyes grew large and bright, "you will succeed. I know you will. And then——"

The sentence ended in a sigh, and a shadow passed over the face of the model.

"Yes, and then?" he asked, looking up at her suddenly, as if he meant to hear the finish of that broken-off sentence.

"It's naught to you. Only—I shan't ever see you then."

"Do you think I am likely to forget in prosperity one who helped me in adversity?"

But the words of his answer were as an enigma to her, she could only comprehend that swift smile which crossed the pale, sensitive lips as an accompaniment to them, and which thrilled her through and through, and made her eyes droop before his, while a quick scarlet stained her rounded cheeks.

She did not talk so much after that day he noticed, wondering a little why, and then forgetting all in his work. But if he could have seen some of the looks she cast upon him, even he might have guessed the reason.

But genius soars above such trifles as love and earthly passion, so it was not to be expected that he should see how, perchance blown in on the keen draught that crept through the window, the little mischievous god had stolen in, and in a twinkling had sped one of his delicious honey-tipped, but peace-disturbing arrows straight to the heart of the poor, little defenseless model standing patiently there in her flowing gossamer garment.

The girl had marked that for a week no fire at all had burned in the tiny grate. It had always been small and carefully tended, but now there was none. She glanced from the empty bars to the artist, and a sudden agonizing pain stabbed her, for his face was whiter and thinner much than when first she knew him.

And she was powerless to help him! Others were dependent upon her earnings, not one penny-piece had she to spare. She had told him in the beginning how she lived in that house too, down in the basement, with her mother and crippled brother, whom she had to help support.

Once or twice she had stolen up to the artist's room to bring him a few flowers after her return from wandering the streets, for her best business hours were in the evening, vending buttonholes to the frequenters of the music-halls, and she noticed then how the fire had died out. He had always laughed and said that he had forgotten to look after it.

Now she knew better!

And day by day the cold increased. Bravely she clenched her teeth to keep herself from shivering as she sat for him, but he remarked the blue tinge of color on her usually rosy cheeks.

He said nothing then, but the next day, when she came, a fire burned in the little grate, and over in the corner stood the bedstead, stripped of clothes. He had taken them where nearly every possession had gone before, and in their place were a bag of coals in the cupboard and a coin or two in his pocket.

The sittings were finished, his work was accomplished—the child of his genius stood before him, perfect in every point.

It was a marvellous creation, and artist and model stood before it in silence. He gazed at it with the whole worship of his artist's soul, and she gazed at it with the whole worship of her woman's heart.

"You are tired," she said, as she saw him reel and stagger, then clutch at the window frame for support.

"Yes, a little," he admitted at last, "and I think cold. It is cold to-day."

"It has been cold for many days," she said.

"Ah!" he cried, suddenly aroused to active thought, "the frost is dangerous for my clay. It is destruction to it. It will crack it, shatter it. God! what shall I do?"

"Won't you light a fire?"

"There is no fuel left—not one lump of coal," he said with an attempt at a smile.

"Couldn't you buy just a little?"

For answer he thrust his thin hands deep into his pockets and drew them out again empty.

They looked at each other, the one as poor and penniless thing as the other. But again his glance turned to him—his one precious thing on earth, her glance turned to him—her one precious on earth.

"And I have no coals. I am alone now."

"Where are the brother and the mother you told me of?" he asked.

"Tom died a week ago from the cold, and mother went away for a bit. She fretted, and the neighbors said she'd die too, and so a kind lady, what visits us, sent her to the country."

"My poor child!" he said, laying a gentle hand of sympathy on her curl-crowned head "and you never told me of your trouble!"

"You've enough without mine. And—I'm not a child!"

The last words came from her, low and intense, as if bursting up from her very heart.

"Ah, my dear, do not want to spring out of childhood," he said, not guessing that it was under his touch that her childhood had already bloomed into the perfected flower of womanhood.

"Oh, this cruel cold!" he said presently, "how shall I fight against it and save my work from destruction?"

"I have it!" he exclaimed joyously after some moments of anxious thought, "the frost cannot crack or break me. My beautiful lady must be garbed to-night in the shabby old coat of her adorer."

He spoke lightly, jestingly, in his glad relief that he had found a way out of his difficulty. But the girl turned to him.

"Her adorer! Do you love it then?"

"Love it! I worship it! It is my life."

"And if it broke—if the frost cracked it?"

"Then would my heart crack too."

"But you will be so cold," she urged, as she watched him tenderly and carefully swathing his coat about the clay figure. "It is so very cold to-night. And last night some men died of the cold. Oh! think of yourself!"

There was a ring of agony in her voice but he did not hear it.

"I shall sleep so soundly, hoping for the morning, when I can take my work and show it, that I shall not feel the cold. And after to-morrow no more cold days for either of us. I know I shall succeed, I feel it here, and success for me means success for you, little one. And now, good-night; do not linger longer in this cold room or you will crack and break, you patient, kind little model."

"Good-night," she said, and crossed the room. At the door she turned, seized his cold clay-grimed hand, and, with a swift movement, born of an over-powering passion, she raised it and pressed it to her lips.

The moment he was alone, listening to her light step as it echoed away down the dimly illumined staircase, and with the feel of that strange sudden caress quivering on his hand.

A couple of hours later. The artist had paced up and down, backwards and forwards through the tiny garret room, with quick, ceaseless tread, trying to make his chilled blood circulate with some attempt at heat through his numbed limbs, and then he had thrown himself as he was, coatless and uncovered, on the bare boarded floor at the foot of his work.

And he slept. Despite the aching cold through all his body, unheedful of the keen intense frost, which was gradually turning the very air of his apartment to ice, he slept peacefully and profoundly on. Nor did the slow opening of his door arouse him, so worn out was he with work and suspense.

A figure, heavily-laden, almost staggering under a big bundle it carried in its arms, crept quietly in and deposited the burden with a very breathless gasp.

The girl—for it was his little model—hesitated, as if afraid to advance, but courage came, and lifting the heap, which the faint light of the chill moon showed to be coarse sacks, she bore them across to the corner where the young man lay, undisturbed still in his slumbers.

With quick deft hands she gently spread the coverings closely, warmly over him, leaving no crevice by which any draught could penetrate, and then, her task finished, she knelt down for a moment beside him and gazed into the beautiful unconscious face.

He stirred slightly, but it was a false alarm. He was still happily wandering in the blissful land of dreams.

Lower and lower sank the small head with its rich clustering curls falling round, lower still, till her warm breath fanned his broad forehead, and yet lower, till her lovely curving lips had touched the unresponding mouth beneath her own.

Then she rose, clasped her hands over her heaving bosom, and as silently as she had entered, left the room.

And the moonbeams passed away, and the artist slept on, warm and content and restful, beneath those warm coverings, that were the pure love tokens of a woman's devotion.

And far below, in the damp deadly chill of the basement, the girl lay on her bed, stripped voluntarily of its furniture, and felt her limbs growing numb and powerless. Then the blessed relief of unconsciousness stole over her: the stiffening features grew more rigid, the pale lips became fixed and white, an icy hand touched the poor, loving, foolish, little heart, and stilled for evermore its fluttering pulsations. And so, from the unrest of earthly sleep, she slowly passed into

the slumber that knows no earthly awakening.

"For so He giveth His beloved sleep."

* * * * * *

The beautiful conception of the artist was the sensation of the time. Success was his at last. High and low crowded to gaze at the perfect form and exquisite marvellous work, that only lacked breath to make it life-like in its absolute perfection, so faithfully had every detail been wrought into one perfect whole.

But no elation thrilled him now, no glowing eager excitement flashed from his eyes and flushed his sensitive cheeks.

He saw only in his work the cost of a life!

And the power of love—for by her death he realized that love—lost to him for ever.

The short sad account of a poor flower girl found frozen to death on her uncovered bed, with not even one wrap to protect her, told the public little.

Her secret lies buried in the heart of the artist, where the memory of her will ever remain.

Over her grave has he caused to be erected a beautiful marble figure, a facsimile of the one which made his name and brought fortune to him, and again the public wondered for "nine days" over the eccentricities of "those artists."

But she is at rest, and the heart she died to save will never hold any love but hers. What she did not win in life Death gained for her.

And after all, is she not better so? Life might have lost it for her; Death has secured it to her for ever.

Love's Triumph.

BY J. V. L.

THERE is a small commotion in the village street, for the mail-coach is due. It's an every-day occurrence, yet the people all come to their doors as it goes spanking by, the children shout, and the guard blows his horn.

And here it is already on the brow of the hill. There are six outside passengers, one a woman, a widow, in poor mourning, with a child of about two.

"What village is that?" she asks, as they approach it.

"Ripply," answers the guard.

"Is there an inn where one may stay awhile?"

"A sort of one, m'm."

"Then, if you please, I'll alight. Yes, I know I booked for further, but I'll get down here."

"Humph!" sotto voce, "that's a rum start."

Rum or not, the lady—for, though shabby, all recognize that—gets down at the inn, and is ushered into a somewhat close, sawdusty smelling parlor, though roses and fuchsias nod in at the window.

Tenderly she lays her sleeping child on two chairs; then looks around her, bitterly, at the room.

"They say," she murmurs, with suppressed anger, "curses, like birds, come home to roost. I have trouble enough without that. Yet"—her expression as if she addressed someone standing before her—"though you are rich, I poor, I feel my time will come."

* * * * * *

Ripply Hall, a blending of Gothic and Renaissance architecture, stands high on a rising grand looking down upon Ripply. There are gay doings at the Hall, and will be gayer, for Mr. George, who is home from Oxford, will, in a few weeks, come of age, and the place is full of guests.

At a meadow stile stands two girls, both plainly dressed; but while one is a small farmer's daughter, pur et simple, the other, slender, graceful, has the refined, delicate features of a higher caste, by no means harmonizing with her rustic garb, save that beauty brings all things into harmony.

"Oh! Grace," exclaimed the former girl, with a long-drawn breath, "won't the tenants' ball be grand? It's a pity your mother never lets you go. Never anywhere."

"But to your farm, Jessie," smiled the other.

"And you don't mind?"

"Not at all."

"I should cry my eyes out. Lord Verriston is again at the Hall, and his fine son, the Honorable Cecil Belford, with his handsome tutor. Oh! isn't he handsome?"

A faint flush, it seemed party of annoyance, passed over Grace's face, at the mention of the Honorable Cecil, but faded away into a bright smile. Then again she appeared to grow restless, until Jessie, lifting her hand-basket from the ground, said she must go, her mother would wonder where she was.

"Are you coming my way, Grace?"

"Not yet, Jessie. Good-bye."

The other returned the farewell, and hurried along the meadow path, while Grace turned from her side to the stile, and hastened down the lane. Leading from it was another, with many bends, and arched thickly by trees. Entering it, the girl slackened her pace to a saunter.

It was evident she was waiting for some one, as frequently stopping, she looked back and listened. After awhile there was the sound of a step. Grace turned, and quickly advanced in the direction, but as the newcomer appeared round the bend, she started, drawing back.

It was a fair, "aristocratic" looking young man of about twenty, with a la-di-da expression; his pale blue eyes brightened as beheld her, and in a moment he was by her side.

"Ah! Miss Morland, this in an unexpected pleasure. Couldn't tell why I felt so doosed happy as I came along. It was presentiment. Ah! but how charming you look!"

"Mr. Belford," rejoined the girl, distantly, "pray do not detain me"—for he had seized her hand—"I—I am in haste."

"Ah! you didn't look so a minute ago," he exclaimed. "Nobody is in haste in this doosed vegetating place. It's an awful relief to have met you; I couldn't let you go—indeed, I couldn't! Now do be kind, Miss Grace—dear Grace," he added, with sudden fervor. "Ah! you would be if only knew how I love you!"

"Mr. Belford," and her tone was full of suppressed alarm, as she glanced past him down the path, "Have I not said I cannot—will not listen to you, when you speak like that?"

"Ah, but you must, Grace. It's the penalty of such beauty as yours to be made love to, and I avow it, I do love you, Grace. If you'll only believe it, and not be obstinate, I'll make a lady of you."

While speaking, he suddenly put his arm round her, and drew her towards him. Grace involuntarily uttered a cry. The next moment she left herself wrenched from his grasp, and beheld Cecil Belford lying his length under the hedge.

Between her and him stood a handsome, square-shouldered man of about thirty, plainly attired. For a second there was silence, then the Honorable Cecil Belford, livid with rage, staggered to his feet.

"What, it's you, you cur!" he hissed. "Oh, I see. Bovina," with a laugh, "prefers taking up with the man, instead of the master. The man or—I'd punish you before her eyes. But," and his white face looked demoniacal, "I'll find a better way to bring both her and you—you half-starved hound—to your knees."

"Oh, Mark!" cried the girl, in distress, as Cecil Belford strode away, "what have you done?"

"Lost my place as bear leader to that young cub," was the response, with a laugh which was forced. "I'd lose twenty places to save you, Grace, from insult. There are other tutorships to be found. It will only, darling, hinder for awhile my asking you to share my poor fortunes as—my wife. Come, let us forget that cur. Hound would be far too noble a name for him."

Mark Roy's words were speedily realized. On returning to the Hall, Lord Verriston presented him with a cheque, and instant dismissal. That same evening, more depressed than he would admit to Grace, with whom he managed to obtain a short interview to take farewell, he left for London.

"At least," reflected Grace, "I shall now be free from the persecution of Cecil Belford."

But not so. Cecil Belford was one of those blind, self-indulgent natures, that the more an object is removed from their reach, the more they resolve to possess it. Besides, let it be added, he really was powerfully fascinated by Grace's beauty.

To keep from her he could not, and speedily once more began to waylay her, and urge his suit the more earnestly, firmly she rejected him.

One evening, after such an encounter, Grace entered the cottage—where she and her mother had resided now for over sixteen years—with her cheeks flushed, her eyes full of angry lightnings.

"Grace," asked Mrs Morland, looking up, "who was that who left you at the gate? I have said nothing, child; but I have more than once seen him in your company."

"Do not think there is any harm, mother dear," said Grace, removing her hat. "It is one of the gentlemen at the Hall. His attentions are too distasteful to me for you to fear."

"His attentions!" echoed Mrs Morland, rising erect from the chair, her colorless, somewhat stern face growing sterner with anger. "Child, do you mean that any man has dared—dared to insult you with attentions, such as gentlemen seem to consider they have a right to bestow upon those beneath them? Speak, Grace—the truth—the truth!"

Alarmed by the passion her mother displayed, noting that it was increasing, the girl hastened to reply:

"No—no, indeed, mother! If he thought he might do so at first, he speedily found to the contrary. Indeed, he has done so, for to-night he has entreated me, has implored me to fly from Ripply with him, as his wife!"

"His wife!" repeated Mrs. Morland. "Who is this man, Grace? He has a name!"

"The Honorable Cecil Belford, son of Lord Verriston."

"Who?" cried Mrs. Morland, with so wild, so sudden an excitement, that Grace was startled! "The son of Lord Verriston, ask you to be his wife—his wife?" Then breaking into laughter, she proceeded, clasping her hands: "Did I not say my time would come? I have waited long—over sixteen years, and now it is here. So my lord is at the Hall; so close, and instinct even did not tell me, I wonder it did not tell him. But," the excitement increasing, "he must not learn now—no—no! Mind, Grace, not a word, I command you. Not a word until you are the Honorable Mrs. Cecil Belford, his daughter-in-law, the future Lady Verriston!"

Was her mother bereft of reason? Had she suddenly gone mad? The thought flashed through Grace's mind, and she regarded her half-frightened, half-amazed. Generally so calm, what moved her thus?

"Child," proceeded Mrs. Morland, abruptly, "what was your answer? But I guess it—you accepted him?"

"No, mother; I refused," answered Grace, firmly. "I could not be his wife!"

"Refused!" ejaculated Mrs. Morland, her voice high pitched. "Refused Cecil Belford! You must not—you shall not! You must recall your words!"

"Mother, it's impossible!"

"No, no. Hear me, child. At your feet,"—suiting action to word—"I pray, I beg, I implore you to wed this man!"

"Mother, why should I? What is the meaning of this?" cried Grace. "I am bewildered—I cannot understand. Your words to me are madness. Rise, I entreat."

"True! How can you understand—you, who know nothing? who are ignorant how this man let your father die—in want—starving? Listen, child—listen!"

Rising, drawing Grace to the couch, on which both sat, she poured the tale of the past in her ear.

"Now," she exclaimed, standing before her, "you have heard. Speak—will you go from me, Grace, with my malediction; or will you avenge your father's wrongs? Will you wed this man? Speak!"

The struggle was a fierce, a terrible one; it seemed to rack the girl's slender form, to draw the health from her cheeks, yet in imagination she beheld past which Mrs. Morland with graphic power had drawn. That and her mother's threat had conquered. Her hands tightly pressed together, the promise came low but clear from her white, quivering lips:

"I will."

Three evenings later the mother and daughter stood in the little parlor, the former all restless excitement, full of the triumph of the hour; the other, white, with features set as marble, lips firmly compressed, her eyes hard and dilated. It was such a face that a martyr might have worn, standing in the arena waiting the spring of the lions. She was attired in hat and mantle, and was waiting the moment of departure.

For the twentieth time, Mrs Morland, tilting the shade of the lamp, let the light from the latter fall upon the white dial of the clock on the mantel-piece.

"It is the time, Grace, it is the time!" she exclaimed, almost in a whisper; "thank Heaven. I tremble in every limb lest anything should happen to prevent your flight. Oh, Grace, think, darling, think, the future Lady Verriston, and your father avenged."

Throwing her arms round her she kissed her passionately. The girl's marble coldness chilled her lips—one moment of remorse for the breaking heart beneath, then again she was firm. After the mother opened the door, bade her child go, and God speed.

God speed on such an errand!

Grace, making an effort, passed in silence into the night. Mrs Morland watched her cross the road, and enter the long lane leading to the station, where she would meet Cecil Belford. Then she closed the door, returned to the sofa, and burst into triumphant, joyous laughter, which soon gave place to hysterical weeping.

A knock at the door aroused her. Putting the shade well down over the lamp, she opened it. In the gray dark, she saw a gentleman, erect of bearing, with iron-gray hair and moustache.

She stepped back slightly, catching her breath. Even in that gloom she had recognized him.

"I wish," said the visitor, "to speak to Mrs. Morland."

"I am she. Enter."

He did so, wondering at the woman's curtness.

Offering no seat, standing in shadow, Morland said:

"May I ask your business with me?"

"I fear it is a painful one. I have a son, a foolish, obstinate youth. You have a beautiful daughter. That tells half my story. I have discovered that my son is madly infatuated with Miss Morland, also that she does not very warmly return the affection."

"She does not at all," curtly.

Lord Verriston started, then slightly laughing, answered:

"That makes my proposal far easier. An honorable union between the two would be impossible."

"Would it? Why?"

"Reason for yourself. If my son committed such a folly, it would mean disinheritance while I live."

"And you are here——"

To make a proposal to you. I am wealthy; I will place you and your daughter beyond the reach of poverty, if you will aid me in curing my son of his infatuation."

"It is too late. By now the two are far from here; before you find them they will be man and wife!"

"What!" cried Lord Verriston, crimsoning with rage; "you have dared—you have connived——"

"To make my daughter the future Lady Verriston!" removing the lamp-shade. "Look—do you wonder?"

"Marian Belfast!" ejaculated his lordship, staggering back.

"Yes; your unhappy step-brother's wife."

"Marian," exclaimed Lord Verriston, recovering himself by an effort, "you have, apparently, just cause for complaint against me."

"Apparently!" interrupted Mrs. Belford, indignantly. "Was it only 'apparently' that you let your father die, believing a lie of his younger son, and disinheriting him? was it 'apparently' that you refused to see your brother later—that you returned his letters unopened—that you left him to die in poverty, in starvation? As I looked upon him, so cruelly wronged, dead, I cursed you, Everard Belford, for you were not Lord Verriston then. I prayed Heaven that I might never look upon your face until the moment of my revenge, and it has heard my prayer. Among your upbraidings you upbraided your brother for marrying her whom he loved, though not his equal by birth, instead, possibly, as you would have done, of wronging her. I feared you, for I was poor, and I heard you had been inquiring after me, so I fled—fled here, biding my time, which has come!"

"Mad, foolish woman," at last Lord Verriston managed to exclaim. "When I sought to find you, it was to make amends for the past—to tell you that John Land, dying, had confessed the evil lie he had made my father and myself believe, and gladly would I have made reparation to you—to your child."

"Is this true?" asked Mrs. Belford.

"I swear it! I will prove it!"

"It is useless," remarked Mrs. Belford. "Fate has already made reparation. Soon my daughter will be yours!"

"Your arrow has missed its mark, Marion, for Cecil to wed Grace is no longer a mesalliance. She is wealthy."

"Wealthy? Grace?"

"For five years the solicitors have been seeking you in vain to tell you of the death of your husband's uncle, George Thorpston—the one who went to Brazil and was never heard of. He died, leaving to Steven and his heir his immense wealth. You see," a smile played over her lips, "Fate has been kind to Cecil as to you."

Mrs. Belford rested her hand on the table. She was giddy with remorse.

"And she does not love him!" she cried, "Oh, what have I made her do?"

At that moment the door opened, and Grace herself entered hurriedly. She saw but Mrs. Belford, and cast herself on her bosom.

"Mother," she exclaimed, "forgive me. I could not do it. It would have been a sin. This," turning to someone standing in the doorway, "is the man I love. I met him in the line. I have returned with him. Never can I give myself to another."

Then, as Mark Roy entered, with a great cry of joy Mrs. Belford clasped Grace to her heart, exclaiming:

"Thank Heaven, that love has triumphed. Oh, my darling! Thank Heaven!"

A Guess For Life.

BY M. B.

A VOLUME could be filled with the strange delusions entertained by madmen—the remarkable pertinacity and cunning they display in carrying out the whims of their disordered minds. In their wild freaks, maniacs frequently evince a method in their planning, an adroitness and coolness, that would do credit to the shrewdest sane person. We give below a thrilling incident which actually occurred as related, one of the parties to it having been a prominent American army-surgeon:

When my regiment was disbanded I bade adieu to my old comrades and to the army, and commenced business in the flourishing town of L——.

As I was starting for the supper-table, on the evening of the third day after my arrival, the door bell rang violently, and soon the boy came in and said that a man wanted to see the doctor. The visitor was standing by the fire when I entered. He was a tall, powerful man—a perfect giant compared to my "five feet six," and his great and bushy black hair and whiskers were well fitted to the monstrous form.

"If you are at liberty, doctor," said he, "please come with me. It is but a few steps, and you will not need a carriage."

I put on my coat and hat and followed him. It was my first call in L——, and I fondly hoped it was the forerunner of many others.

The man strode on ahead of me all the time, notwithstanding my endeavors to keep at his side, and spoke not a word, not even answering my questions.

Stopping before a substantial-looking residence in one of the principal streets, he applied the latch-key, and led me into a pleasant little room on the second floor (a study I thought it), hung about with good paintings and elegant chromos, and lined with books of every description.

"Take a seat, doctor," said the man; "I will step out a moment. Take this chair by the fire; it's a bitter cold night."

The chair was a great unwieldy thing, but exceedingly comfortable. I threw my feet upon the fender, and leaned back on the cushion, well satisfied to warm myself a little before seeing the patient.

I heard the man approach the door, which was directly back of where I sat, and heard the door open and close again. I supposed he had gone out, but did not look around to see. Indeed I had no time, for a stout cord was thrown over my wrists and across my breast, and a handkerchief bound over my mouth so quickly that I could not prevent it.

When I was perfectly secure, my conductor stepped in front of me and looked with much interest at my vain attempts to free myself.

"Good stout cord, isn't it?" he asked. "It has never been broken, and many a stouter man than you have tried it. There, now, be quiet a while, and I will tell you what I want."

He went to a cabinet that stood in the corner of the room, and taking a long knife from one of the drawers, ran his thumb over the edge, and felt the point, all the while talking in the most commonplace manner imaginable.

"I have for years studied the art of guessing," said he. "I can guess anything; that is my guessing chair that you are sitting in now; and I take great pleasure in imparting my knowledge to others. This is what I want of you to-night. I did intend to make you guess that, but I have thought of something better."

He had become satisfied with the edge and point of his knife, and was pacing up and down the room, giving me a full history of the world, interspersed with facts relative to the art of guessing, at which times he always stopped in front of me.

"Did you ever study it, doctor?" he asked. "I know you haven't. I am the only one that ever reduced it to a science. Since I left my noble veterans I have devoted my whole time to it; and now I am about to initiate you into its mysteries, if you are worthy."

He was standing before me so very calm, that I did not think he intended to harm me; but when I looked into his eyes, burning with the fire of insanity, I felt that my situation was desperate indeed.

"I must test you," he said. "I must see whether you are naturally gifted or not, before I waste much time with you. If I remove the handkerchief, will you answer my questions?"

I nodded an affirmative, and he removed it.

"Now, my dear doctor, you are an entire stranger to me. Without doubt you have often heard of me, but it will be a hard task to distinguish my name from all other great men of the time. You may guess it, doctor. What is it?"

He had brought his face so near to mine that I could feel his hot breath, and I fancied I could feel the heat in those terrible eyes. The long, keen blade he was holding over me—for what? To take my life if I failed.

"Guess! Guess!" he screamed. "If you fail, it will be your last guess in this world."

I dared not cry out—the knife was too near. I could not escape, for the strong cords bound me to that chair I could not lift; and I could lie there, and lose my life. What could I do?

"It is a hard guess," he said, "and I will give you three minutes to answer it."

I summoned all my courage, which had never yet failed me, even in the awful hour of battle, and, looking him steadily in the eye, said—"I know you, sir; so where is the use of guessing? I have seen you on the battlefield, marshalling your men to victory; I have seen you cut down a score of men with your own single arm. I have seen you put to flight a whole battalion. I know you—everybody knows you; your name is in my mouth."

I remembered what he had said about leading his veterans, and had tried this harangue to divert his attention. I paused to mark the effect.

"Yes—yes, doctor. But what is it?" he exclaimed again. "Thirty seconds!"

Great Heavens! What would I not have given for a clue to that madman's fancy! Thirty seconds, and how short a second is! The knife was raised higher, that it might gain momentum by the distance. His body was braced for the stroke, and his eye upon the mark.

"Ten seconds more!" he cried. "What is it?"

There was only one hope for me, and that was to guess. I felt that he considered himself some great man—as he had spoken of veterans—some military chieftain. I thought of our own heroes, and the names of many of them were upon my lips, but I dared not utter them. It was the greatest chance game that I had ever played—my life depended on the guessing of a name. I thought of all the European generals, but cast them aside again, and came back to our own side of the water.

"Two seconds!" screeched the lunatic.

Without a thought, almost without a volition, I spoke a name, breathing a prayer that it might be the right one: "Napoleon Bonaparte!"

"Right!" said the madman, throwing aside his knife, and undoing the cords that held me. "I was mistaken in you, doctor. You have true genius, this is your first lesson; come at this hour every evening, and I will teach you the beautiful art—the way to immortal fame."

As I rose from the chair, weak and trembling, the door opened softly, and four strong men entered and secured the maniac. I started for home, well pleased that I had got through with my first guessing lesson, and fervently hoping that I should never be called upon to take another.

A CURIOUS SCENE occurred the other evening in the cafe of the Manhattan Club New York. A young gentleman worth a million or two, and fond of games of chance, strolled in about midnight and challenged one of the gentlemen in the cafe to match cents for $1000 a side. This diversion between the two lasted until about $40,000 had changed hands, the wealthy young gentleman being the winner. He then joined the group at a table, and suggested that they all match cents for each other's watches. In half an hour the young millionaire had watches tucked in all his pockets, with the chains dangling from them. The next proposition was that they should match for the coats on their backs, and in 40 minutes the young millionaire had the coats of his opponents piled in a chair beside him. To end the evening's sport he proposed that they should match for waistcoats. Luck followed the young millionaire throughout, and the waistcoats were soon piled on top of the coats beside. His opponents, in shirts and trousers, declared that they had had enough sport after that. The young millionaire ordered a couple of magnums for the party and graciously handed back the watches and watching. He tucked the check for the money won though, in his wallet.

MATCHES.—Matches represent the difference between barbarism and civilization and how much we owe to the intelligent genius which has made them so cheap that there is no one so poor that he cannot buy a box of matches!

Years ago the making of matches furnished employment to thousands of girls and boys. Little bits of wood cut the length of the match were laid on strips of wood in which notches had been cut to hold them.

The girls spread the matches along so that each slip of wood fell in the right place, laid another strip of wood on top of it, and so on until a pile of a dozen was arranged. These were clamped together and then were ready for the sulphur bath. After they had been dipped on both sides they were laid in frames until dry, and then packed in boxes.

Now all this is changed. The slips of wood are handled entirely by machinery. This has reduced the cost of production very much, and, of course, reduced the cost to the individual buyer.

It was considered formerly that the making of matches was very unhealthful labor, but it has been discovered that with cleanliness and care it is no more unhealthful than many other forms of labor in which chemicals are employed.

TOOK HIS MEASURE.—A very high-toned-looking young man, in exquisite moustache, loud plaid clothes, red necktie, low-crowned hat, straw-colored kids, and knitting-needle cane, walked into a tobacco-shop, and, throwing down a half dollar on the counter, said:

"Well, this is the worst town I ever saw; a gentleman can't get anything in it satisfactory, and I am utterly to see how a person of fastidious taste can live here. I say, Mr. Shop-keeper, can you sell a fellow a decent cigar?"

"Yes, sir," said the cigar-man meekly.

"Well, then; fly around lively, and do it. Don't you see that half-dollar?"

"Yes, sir. What kind of a cigar do you wish, sir?"

"What kind?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, look at me, sir, a moment, and see for yourself what kind of a cigar would suit me," and he drew himself up grandly and gazed down upon the shop-keeper. The shopkeeper looked, and then took in the half-dollar, got out a cigar, handed it to the man with forty nine cents change, and said

"I owe you half a cent, sir, but I can't make change unless you take another cigar." The nice young man looked at the shopkeeper and then at himself, and, without a single word, walked out of the shop.

THE native newspapers of Japan are lamenting the decay of good manners among the newly educated Japanese girls. They assert that under systems of education brought from foreign lands the usages of female life have, one by one, been abandoned, and the modern girl, in her attempts to imitate foreign manners, has almost transformed herself into a man. They say that pupils in the female schools at Tokio of good families live alone in lodging houses, often walk unattended in the streets after dark, and groups of five or six of them may be seen playing at cards in tea houses. The Japan Mail, commenting upon their complaints, says that it is a subject for regret that female schools conducted on western lines should attempt to force a new code of morals among the natives.

The Hungarian Government does not sell any part of its forests, but buys more each year. In some parts of the country, as in the eastern region of the Carpathians woods are found of several thousand acres in extent, consisting for the most part of red beech. This is used for firewood, carriages, staves and agricultural implements, and in the manufacture of bent wood. There are very few fires and they seldom permanently damage the woods. There are large resinous forests in Transylvania, but they are not very accessible, and there are also some in the district of Marmaros, in the northeast of the country.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A young woman about to go on the stage in Kentucky is evidently in the hands of an astute manager. He has confided to the reporters that on the night of her first appearance she will be married on the stage. The play is to be "Ernani," and there is a marriage scene in the fourth act. This is to be made a genuine marriage, and the groom is the manager himself, who also plays the title role in the play.

The new town hall in Canaan, Me., had a dedication that bodes happiness for all future deliberations within its portals. All the village folk, regardless of politics, theology or social status, sat down in the most delightful harmony to a discussion of "one bushel of pea beans to 35 pounds of pork, baked in a bean hole for 30 hours." The pampered sons and daughters of the rich who are unacquainted with the 30 hour bean don't know what real scrumptious luxury is.

A despatch from Burlington, Ia., dated October 6th, says: "Harry Hueston, of Omaha, popularly known as 'The Man in Red,' is walking from Omaha to Chicago and return on a wager of $5000. The terms of the wager are that Hueston, dressed in a suit of red, should start from Omaha with but four cents in his pocket, walk all the way to Chicago and back without financial help, begging his food from door to door and not sleep in a bed, during the daytime, the journey to be completed in 37 days. Hueston arrived in Burlington last night and spent the night at the Union Depot. He is accompanied by two bicycle riders to see that he fulfills the stipulation of the contract. He is in good trim, and thinks he will win the wager."

Sign painters, portrait painters and sail-makers all take part in the manufacture of campaign banners. The two sides of a campaign banner are easily made in stencil factories, but are very troublesome when done by hand. The names and portraits are printed on muslin, sized with glue, and the sign painter then paints the mottoes. When both sides are completed one section is placed on the floor, painted side down, and over this a net is placed; then the other part is fitted to this above the net, and the two parts are sewed together with waxed thread by the sail-maker. Banners range in price from $75 to $500, the cheaper ones bearing only the names and principles of the candidates, and having no portraits. There are three general sizes in banners—18 by 20 feet, 20 by 30 feet and 30 by 40 feet—the price being regulated mostly by the size. It takes one artist a week to make a banner.

I am inclined to think, says Lady Violet Greville, that women, as a rule, are what men make them, and a husband of twenty-two or twenty-three lacks experience in wife-training. If only marriage were like a civil examination! So many questions to answer, so many qualifications to fulfill—how easy it would be to prepare for two modern languages, or one, music or drawing, algebra or cooking, as the case might be! A man in the colonies knows what he wants a wife for—to cook, to sew, to scrub, to wash; in short, a respectable, unpaid general servant—ordinary female labor being unattainable. But what does a man in London know of his requirements? The wife he married when he was a struggling junior at the bar, or a tradesman in a small way, is out of touch and harmony with his surroundings now that he is Lord Chancellor, or the head of a firm and a rising M. P. qualifying for a baronetcy. The small clerk needs a cook; the artist or literary man an intelligent companion; the brilliant statesman a woman who will exert a soothing influence over him, see that he has soup and wine when he returns from his work, and keep away from him all disagreeable and tedious admirers. Every great man requires and finds such a one—generally, unfortunately, however, in some one else's wife.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Our Young Folks.

CROMABOO'S VOICE.

BY L. F. H.

IF there was one thing Cromaboo prided himself upon, it was his fine voice.

Certainly it was a powerful voice, especially at close quarters; and no doubt he had a right to be proud of it.

"It's not conceit, my dears," he frequently assured his three wives; "it is simply that I know it to be so, and I am a bird who always says what he thinks."

Then he inflated his noble chest, and crowed until they might almost have heard him on the farther side of the Bay of Biscay.

His wives, Cluckety, Toto, and Giddy-gaddy, quite agreed with him as to his talents.

"Ah!" sighed the youngest, who was pining to travel, "what a noise such a voice as yours would make in the world! Your high notes are positively thrown away here, my dear husband. Believe it or not, as you like, but I declare I dream every night that you are singing before the king and that he is placing a golden crown upon your top-knot."

"What nonsense you talk!" cried Cluckety, who was staid and serious, and devoted her time to keeping the others in order. "Could any place be more beautiful than this wide breezy common? Go along with your golden crowns and top-knots; I have no patience with such fancies!"

"The common is very well but you can't say it isn't dull," put in Toto, with a loud yawn. "I propose we go on a tour and give concerts. If we could pick up a drum second-hand, I am sure I could beat it."

"And I could play the French horn, and perhaps dance at the same time," cried Giddy-gaddy. "What fun it would be! I wish we could start to-morrow."

"We will start to-morrow," said Cromaboo suddenly. "I will no longer conceal from you, my dear wives, that I have concluded to join an Italian tenor, Signor Renardo Foxiwoxi, a gentleman of most engaging manners, who one day overheard me practising trills on the common. He said that my talents was quite out of the common."

"Did he mean that for a joke?" asked Toto earnestly.

"I should like to see the person who would dare to joke with me!" spluttered Cromaboo angrily. "If you make such ridiculous remarks again, Toto, I shall have to leave you at home."

Toto shed a few tears at this, while Giddy-gaddy, who was prancing about with excitement, inquired breathlessly—

"Oh dear, dear, dear me! When do we start? Where are we going? What shall we take with us? May I play the French horn or dance on stilts? Shall we travel in a caravan? Will the Signor——"

Cromaboo strutted away with aggravating calmness. "I shall certainly not take you," he called back, "if you chatter like that, you magpie! Go and pack up my top-boots, and polish the spurs well, otherwise you'll get a good pecking."

Giddy-gaddy subsided into tears by the side of Toto; and the prudent Cluckety observed

"You had better catch some grubs and make him a grub-pie for supper; that will bring him round. Husbands like nothing so much as good feeding, my dears!"

The next day the party set off.

They were to join Signor Foxiwoxi at the far end of the common, where he said he would introduce them to the other members of his band.

All their heads, except Cluckety's were stuffed full of wonderful ideas about what they should do and what they should see.

Giddy-gaddy had dreamt again of the golden crown and Cromaboo's top-knot, and she felt perfectly certain that it would all come to pass.

She was so excited that when, after a tramp of some hours, Cromaboo decided to call a halt and take a rest, she could not sleep, but wandered off by herself as soon as her companions were peacefully snoring.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the air was delightfully cool and fresh.

Giddy-gaddy felt so romantic that she began to wonder whether she could not write an ode to the moon.

"Other people make poetry: what's to prevent me?" she said to herself; and then, after racking her brains for about a quarter of an hour, she produced the following lines—

"Oh, moon! bright as a new tin pan,
Where is your dog, your lantern, and your man?"

"There, I am a real poet," said she, with much satisfaction; "but I won't make up any more lines, for fear of spoiling the poem. Let me see; how does it go?

"Oh, moon! bright as a new tin—"

The poor poetess never got as far as "pan," for at that instant there was rustling among the bushes; then came a sudden spring, and Giddygaddy saw a vision of gleaming teeth and a cruel mouth.

The next minute she was lying, a pitiful heap of crumpled feathers, upon the common, and Signor Foxiwoxi, the Italian tenor, was licking his cunning lips over the victim.

"I've had my supper, so I won't eat her now," he thought; "and suppose I leave her here as a trap for the others, who must be somewhere about? They will come and look for the poor dead thing, and then I can pounce upon them from this convenient bush. I do long to get hold of that stupid fellow with the screeching voice!"

Cromaboo was much displeased when he awoke next morning and found his third wife missing. "She is such a giddy thing," said Cluckety, trying to pacify him; while they all shouted until they were hoarse.

But what a shock it was to come upon the body of the unfortunate Giddygaddy, stiff and cold!

"I should like to know who has done this!" roared Cromaboo, while Toto wept like a water-spout.

Cluckety was the only one who kept her eyes open, and she it was who perceived a red brown creature stealing towards them.

Toto had begun to scratch a hole to bury her poor sister in, and Cromaboo was about to help her—by looking on.

"Run for your lives, run!" screamed Cluckety, setting the example. "There's the rogue who has killed our dear Giddy. Run, run!"

"Nonsense! that is my friend the Signor," said Cromaboo, hesitating.

"Don't care; he's a fox. I've seen a fox before and I know him well enough. Run, before he catches you and scrunches all your bones to bits!"

So they all ran; and fortunately, the common came to an end soon, and the high road began, upon which Signor Renardo Foxiwoxi did not care to venture; otherwise, he would certainly have caught Toto, if not the others.

"There's a dog," observed Cluckety at length, as they passed a farmyard. "The dog is the friend of man, and the enemy of foxes; let us ask his advice how we may revenge ourselves."

So they went in and stood in a row, while Cromaboo told the tale of their wrongs.

Towser listened gravely.

"You were fortunate to get off as you did, my friends," said he; "that fox is the most hardened, desperate, cunning rogue for miles around. Times and times he has baffled the hounds; but some fine day he'll get caught, and that will be the end of him."

The three recollected the gleaming teeth, and sighed. Discretion in this case was certainly the better part of valor.

"But in the meanwhile, what is to become of us?" asked Cluckety the practical. "Cross that common again I won't; no, not for a hundred golden guineas."

"Yes, what is to become of us?" echoed Toto, with a long face; and even the noble Cromaboo looked rather blank.

"I daresay my master will let you stay here," responded Towzer, with a lordly wave of his tail. "I suppose you can crow and you two can lay eggs, can't you? Very well; then you may go through that gate into the yard; the fowls usually dine at two, and there's a hen-house to roost in, so you'll be quite happy and comfortable. Don't forget, though, that you owe it all to me!" and Towzer put his nose between his paws, as much as to say, "There, I've finished with you; get along, and don't bother me any more."

Cromaboo drew himself up and strutted through the gate, meekly followed by his two wives.

"We will stay here," said he majestically and then he gave such a cock-a-doodle-doo that even the oldest duck there, who was stone deaf, heard it.

As for Signor Foxiwoxi, he waited for the three to return across the common, but he waited in vain; and the next time he was chased by the hounds they caught the rogue, and his brush is now hanging in the Squire's hall.

BIG SHOOTING.—The shot fired from a 22-ton gun in Queen Victoria's jubilee year, to ascertain how far a shot could be carried, remained in the air 69½ seconds, and the highest point reached in its flight of twelve miles was 17,000 feet.

NINA AND LISA.

BY G.

NINA and Lisa lived in the country. All round their house were green fields, where they used to wander about and pick the flowers as they came out. They found cowslips, and primroses, and blue-bells, and they were never tired of sitting under the trees with their dolls. In one of the fields there was a large pool of water, and Nina and Lisa used to take their dolls to it, and say to them, "This is like a small sea; and if you were wooden dolls we would bathe you in it as people bathe their little children in the real sea."

"Would you like to see the real sea?" said their mamma one day, when she them talking.

Nina and Lisa jumped up.

"Oh, mamma, indeed we should!" said they.

"Well," said mamma, "you will be glad to hear that papa has taken a pretty little house by the seaside for the summer and next week we are all going to it."

Nina and Lisa were so pleased to hear it that at first they could only say—

"Oh, oh, mamma! how nice! how nice!"

But after a little time they asked so many questions that it was as much as their mamma could do to answer them all.

They thought that "next week" would come, and every night when they got into bed they said one to another—

"Another day has gone."

At last the morning came when they were to start, and Nina and Lisa were up very early, and had their dolls dressed ready to go with them.

They had packed the dolls' clothes in a little box which their mamma had given them—their best muslin frocks, with blue sashes, and their blue shoes for grand days when other dolls came to tea.

"But will there be any little girls with dolls near us at the seaside?" said Nina."

"Yes," said their mamma, "there will be many little girls. A great many people go to the seaside for the summer holidays and take their children with them. Your Aunt Selby is going, and Minna and Clara and Lucy."

Nina clasped her hands.

"Why did you not tell us before that they were going?" asked Lisa.

"I thought one good thing was enough to tell you at a time," said mamma.

"Will they be there as soon as we are?" said Nina.

"They are there already, and will all come down to meet us."

But then the carriage that was to take them to the station drove up, and away they went to the railway station.

When they were in the train, they began to wonder how long it would be before they reached the seaside; and whether Aunt Selby and their cousins would be sure to be waiting for them.

But at last the journey came to an end, and the first thing they saw was Minna waving her hand to them.

"Yes, they were all there, and ready to show Nina and Lisa all the wonders of the seaside."

And when they got tired of playing, Nina and Lisa would sit down on the sand and look at the water, and say to each other—

"We did not think we should ever see the real sea, and we did not know that it was half so beautiful."

A MUSICAL CAT.—There is a young lady on Capitol Hill, says a Washington paper, who has a musical cat. After nearly a year of hard work on the feline musician, she says it can sing the best portion of two well-known songs, "Home, Sweet Home," and "Auld Lang Syne," but without the usual variations. When this young lady wants pussy to sing she puts her on a velvet foot-stool and commands, "Puss, sing 'Home, Sweet Home,'" at the same time humming the air. Pussy always responds, singing the desired tune in a rather high falsetto voice, a little broken, but sufficiently well to be recognized by the hearers. Sometimes when this cat is out on a moonlight expedition her voice can be heard above those of her companions in the feline outdoor back fence concert, ringing out "Auld Lang Syne" or "Home, Sweet Home." The young lady does not want her name mentioned, for fear she will be besieged by freak collectors or dime museum proprietors, who want to buy, beg, borrow, or steal her musical pet.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Chicago is to erect an aluminum building

Kansas is said to have seven negro editors.

Japanese immigration is stated to be increasing

Mrs. Jedizejewski Pianowski is a resident of Indiana

Michigan's State Penitentiary has a class in telegraphy

There are 5446 miles of electrical railways in this country.

A collection of butterflies was lately sold in Vienna for $5000.

A down-town car driver addresses his horses in four languages.

There are 34 Indian schools, it is said, in Alaska, with 1700 pupils.

Circleville, Ohio, has a horse that attacks every bicycle it meets.

Socks are darned free at some Indianapolis, Ind., furnishing stores.

The consumption of tobacco and beer is increasing in England and France.

About 100,000 copies of "Robinson Crusoe" are sold annually in London.

A paper lately started in Chicago is printed in French, Italian and Spanish.

A colored man living at Tillony, N. C., has 40 children and 39 grandchildren.

A colored child near Ocala, Fla., four months of age, is said to weigh 40 pounds.

France is to have a new subsidiary coinage, which is to be of some metal beside copper

The total annual issue of copies of papers in the United States is estimated to be 3,481,616,000

A McKeesport, Pa., baker has a dog which lately stopped his runaway horse, and saved him $30.

Salts of lemon has nothing to do with a lemon, but is a salt of the extremely poisonous oxalic acid.

A Boston man is the owner of a live Mexican bee, though he claims it has eaten nothing for a year.

A carrot 21 inches in circumference and two feet in length is the property of a Washington farmer.

About 9,000,000 kids are slaughtered in Europe annually to supply one town in France, where gloves are made.

A Chicago newsboy has been fined for crying sensational "news" that did not appear in the paper he was selling.

One hundred and two kernels of grain, it is said, have been counted in one head of wheat grown near Cheney, Wash.

A Baptist church in England has provided a safe shelter for bicycles to encourage church-going among the wheelmen.

Every residence in Spokane, Wash., is reported to be fully lighted by electricity, yet the streets are poor and board walks prevail.

The cry of a young seal when wounded or about to be attacked resembles that of a child in distress, and tears flow from its eyes.

Not liking to be behind the age in tall stories, Utah lays claim to a mine of natural shoe blacking, in Rush Valley, that Territory.

A fire engine chasing a blazing load of hay through the street was the unusual sight which greeted pedestrians in Chicago the other day.

It is believed that the placing of powerful arc lights in front of the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, deters convicts from attempting to escape.

A resident of Waynetown, Indiana, boasts of a petrified turnip, measuring 45 inches in its greatest circumference and 14 inches in depth.

The custom of having orchestral music in hotel dining rooms and public restaurants during the dinner hour has become quite a fad in New York

General Booth, in his book, "In Darkest England," says: "Out of every five persons in London, one dies either in the hospitals asylums, or work-houses."

The County Commissioners of Carbon county, Pa., lately sold 10,000 acres of unredeemed mountain land. Some of it was sold for less than three cents an acre.

Lawrence county lays claim to the largest man in the State of Kentucky. He weighs 521 pounds and is 6 feet 8 inches in height. His arms measure two feet in circumference, and his thighs three feet.

Robert Richter, who is but 7 years old, preached a sermon from the pulpit of the North New York Congregational Church, on a recent Sunday, on "Fighting Giants," which had been prepared for him by Pastor McElveen.

It has been found that bicyclists who ride to excess are afflicted with a catarrhal laryngitis. Mouth breathing and the rapidity and pressure with which large quantities of air are forced into the larynx are said to be the cause.

OUR TRYSTING TREE.

BY W. W. LORD.

The winds are singing minor notes,
The birds to Southern vales have fled,
The maple by the dear old spring
Is robed in gold and red.

The stately maple, 'neath whose shade
Our fond sweet love was told,
Throws forth its glories to the winds
That rustle down the wold.

The kiss you gave me 'neath its boughs,
At dying day's calm close,
Was sweeter than the violet's bloom
Or fragrance of the rose.

The memory of our happy hours
To-day comes back to me;
The time you gave to me your love
Beneath the maple tree.

GREEN: ITS SYMBOLISM.

The symbolism of colors is a subject that covers a very wide field. In love and in war, in ecclesiasticism, in folk-lore, in dress, in art—in almost every department of life and of thought, color, as a visible type or symbol of the unseen feeling or thought, has always played a very prominent part. The symbolism of Green is varied and curious, and not a little contradictory.

Green is emphatically the color of hope, of freshness, and of youth. The early ecclesiastical painters all associate it with hope. The wings and robes of Dante's angels that visited the souls in purgatory were green. This association may explain why Armado, in "Love's Labor's Lost," declares that "green is the color of lovers," a sentiment in which Shakespeare is supported by Browne, the sweet Devonshire singer, who says that

> Green well befits a lover's heate,
> But blacke becomes a mourner.

This view of the color's symbolism may also perhaps explain the many and appreciative references to green eyes to be found in the poets. Green eyes would hardly be reckoned as an element in either masculine or feminine beauty by most plain people; but the poets of many different countries have combined to celebrate their charm; and who have greater claims to be considered authorities on beauty than the poets? In "Romeo and Juliet," the nurse expatiating on the perfections of Romeo's rival, says:

> An eagle, madam,
> Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
> As Paris hath.

So much praise of green eyes is somewhat curious, when one recollects that the color is so intimately associated with jealousy—the "green-eyed monster" of Iago. But this is only a part of the contradictoriness of the symbolism of this chameleon-like color. Green is the color of lovers, and at the same time the color of jealousy and of fickleness, and, if we may believe Chaucer, it is also the color of avarice.

But whatever may be the color of avarice, the belief in green as a symbol of fickleness is very general. Chaucer's ballad "Against Women Unconstant" has for burden the line: "Instead of blue, thus may ye wear all green;" and "green, forsaken clean," is a familiar saying.

In some country parts, when a younger sister is married first, the elder is said to "wear the green stockings;" and years ago in Scotland it was actually a common joke, when such an event happened, to send a pair of these undesirable stockings to the elder sister, to be worn at the dance which in the evening brought the wedding festivities to an end. It is perhaps partly owing to this association with inconstancy, and partly to the general ill-luck connected with green, that this color is so generally tabooed in wedding costumes.

One reason given for the avoidance of green in wedding dresses is that it is the chosen color of the fairies; and the little people, as every one knows, are very quick to resent anything that may appear to them to be intended as an insult. At Lowland Scotch marriages of past times, even green vegetables were looked at askance, and kale was not allowed to adorn the table with its curly head. The combination of white and green appears to be particularly portentous.

It is another example of the curious inconsistency of the symbolism of green that the color which is pre-eminently that of hope and of youth—with which it seems strange to connect aught but good fortune—should be also so generally regarded as unlucky. In some parts of the south of England rustic folks regard green with such aversion that they will not use it all, either in dress or in the furnishing or decoration of their homes.

A few years ago, a learned German, Dr. Cassel of Berlin, published a little book on the emerald color, in which he lays it down that green is the color of the devil and of demons generally, and this position he supports by a multitude of instances gathered from various parts of Europe, showing its diabolical associations.

The belief in demoniac agency and activity underlies a great part of those curious notions and observances of our forefathers which are now rapidly dying out, and this association of such agency with the color green is doubtless at the bottom of the very general belief in its unluckiness.

Of course there have always been many people who have disregarded all such beliefs, and green has been worn many a time and oft. Planche tells us that about 1080 it was the favorite color in clothes; and no idle superstition kept our archers and huntsmen of old from wearing suits of Lincoln green. A conspicuous instance of the love of this color in costume is found in the person of Manfred, the famous South Italian king. We are particularly told that when, in the summer of 1259, he waited on the quay at Trani, in Apulia, to welcome his bride, the Princess Helen of Epirus, he was dressed in his favorite green, "the color of hope and youth." On the other hand, and apart from the general superstition, there are particular families that regard the color as of specially ill omen if worn by one of their members.

Grains of Gold.

The shortest cut to happiness is to try to give it.

Every man hates his own sin when he sees it in another.

One of the most beautiful sights on earth is a happy child.

No one can have joy to-day who is worrying about to-morrow.

The right time to repent is when you find out that you are wrong.

There is something wrong if you never pray except when you have to.

One of the most foolish men is the one who worries about things he can't help.

Anything that makes us take an unselfish interest in others makes us better.

You have a splendid chance to grow in grace every time somebody snubs you.

It is a good thing to know right principles, but it is a better thing to have them.

The man who weeps that those he loves may smile, does something that angels would like to do.

There are so many reformers who want to go as far away from home as they can't begin work.

No religion is worth a row of pins that does not make its possessor willing to practice self-denial.

There is something wrong with the father who will tie up his dog at night and let his boy run the streets.

The devil, like the quack doctor, charges nothing for advice, but makes you pay dearly if you follow it.

The man who loves his neighbor as himself can put up with a thousand and one things that nobody else could stand.

To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution.

Youth beholds happiness gleaming in the prospect. Age looks back on the happiness of youth, and, instead of hopes, seeks its enjoyment in the recollection of hope.

Femininities.

Women are always more superstitious than men.

The bride's slippers have gold tips and heels.

King Humbert of Italy is an amateur cook of no mean skill.

An ultra-fashionable fad is to avoid punctuation in all correspondence.

The woman who talks about her neighbors is no worse than the one who listens.

Many a wise man has picked up a good suggestion where some fool dropped it.

Thirty-seven thousand women are now employed as telegraph operators in this country.

A Mrs. Billings, of Ashe county, N. C., gave birth, a short time ago, to six children at once.

A recently married Kansas couple spent their honeymoon in the depths of an old coal mine.

An old bachelor living in Frankford is so perverse in his opinions that nothing he eats agrees with him.

Physicians say that cases of nervous prostration are less frequent since low heels have come into general use.

According to one of the tenets of the Mohammedan religion, it is a sin to make a picture of any living thing.

Flowers are worn freely by the Greeks, who, among other things, imagine they refresh the thinking faculties.

An uptown old lady of 75 years has just commenced taking music lessons. She has a grudge on the people next door.

It is when a young fellow in love has lost his head that the girl in the case is likely to mercifully lay her own on his shoulders.

Professor Charles Devine is authority for the statement that the women of this country are unquestionably growing taller.

Annie R. Copeland, a young Chicago woman, died lately of hydrophobia. Six months ago she was bitten by a pet pug dog.

The girl who marries for money usually has a look on her face after marriage that indicates she is having trouble collecting her salary.

Berlin's married women have organized a society which is called "The Association of Married Women for the Control of Husbands."

She: "It was right here that I accepted you, John. Had you forgotten?" He: "My dear, there are some things I can neither forget nor forgive."

One-third of the women of Germany and Austria are said to support themselves, and half of those who are married help in gainful occupations.

Love is the sun of life, says a German philosopher. This accounts for the deep shadow in the life of a lover. The brighter the sunlight the darker the shadow.

A well-known writer, in one of the magazines, asserts that, taking one family with another, the wife works as hard as the husband, and has therefore an equal right to their common earnings.

Cumso: "Wait a minute, Fangle. I want to step into the dressmaker's and pay my wife's bill." Fangle: "Why don't you give her the money and let her go and pay?" Cumso: "She'd order another dress."

It is said that a gargle of salt water as hot as can be used is one of the best and simplest home remedies for sore throat. That, with a cathartic to clear the system, will cure almost any sore throat that is not diphtheritic.

"Mamma, if a child should be born on the ocean, to what nation would it belong?" "Why to the nation to which his father and mother belonged, of course." "Well, I know. But suppose his father and mother were not with him. Suppose he was traveling with his aunt?"

French papers have recently contained paragraphs regarding Mme. Patti's will, and now every one is wondering to whom she will bequeath her famous gold fan, on which all the leading monarchs of Europe have inscribed their autographs and appropriate mottoes.

A novel way of choosing partners has become the rage in some of the Western towns. At a party a sheet is stretched across the room, the ladies stand behind it and advance their feet a few inches beyond the sheet. Each gentleman picks out a pair of shoes, and the lady who stands in them is the one he takes to supper.

Guatemalans think that there is no better coffee raised anywhere in the world than on their own plantations, and when they travel abroad, to make sure of having good coffee, they take along a store of their own. A long glass tube, several inches in diameter, but tapering to a funnel at one end, is filled with ground coffee, and through the mass is poured cold water. A strong solution of coffee slowly drips from the narrow end of the tube, and this liquid is carefully put up in air-tight vessels, to be warmed in small quantities and drunk on the journey.

Masculinities.

Men's muscles move best when their souls are making merry music.

"A little of this will go a great weigh," said the man who was preparing a load of coal.

Charles Lamb, of Worcester, Mass., 80 years of age, committed suicide recently by hanging.

Mexico has a jail that is stated to consist of a live oak tree, with a chain and staple attached.

The wardrobe of a Connecticut man who recently died included about 500 pairs of stockings.

James Williams, of Fulton county, Texas, killed 41 wolves during the month of September.

Some men are so stingy they'll expect you to pay rent for the place you occupy in their esteem.

Tennyson did not marry until he was 41 years of age. His wife was a niece of Sir John Franklin.

When a man dies in the Society Islands they paint his body; but in this country his character is the thing that is frescoed.

A Kennebunk, Maine, woman has pets in the shape of five field crickets. Each has a name and seems to know it when spoken.

Among the "many handsome and valuable gifts" presented to a recently married couple at Emporia, Kan., was an orange.

The actuary of a great life insurance company says that commercial travelers and agents are longer lived than men in any other business.

Street cars in Bombay are, as a rule, of American manufacture, and the promoters of the street car lines are mostly Americans.

In early times the Greek women, when called upon to take oath, would swear by some male god whose name was frequently taken in vain by their liege lords.

Dr. Earnest: "I didn't see you at church yesterday. Doesn't your conscience trouble you?" Mrs. Wiggsy: "My conscience never bothers me in that way until I get my new fall bonnet."

If what is published is true, driving four in hand is to be added to the accomplishments of the girl of the period. It was a Frenchman who said that when people have too much leisure they become silly.

A Texas man shot at an Englishman twice, missed him and killed another Texan and wounded a Hebrew. He will probably be lynched, not for killing the Texan and wounding the Hebrew, but for missing the Englishman.

The youngest barber known to work in a shop is Nellie Wick, aged 4 years, in the Globe Toilet Saloon, King's road, Chelsea, London. She is said to have recently shaved a man in 12 minutes, and received a silver medal for so doing.

Wife of ten years: "I read a lot of your old love letters to-day." Husband of ditto: "Did you? What was the effect?" Wife: "I could not help wondering which was the greater fool—you for writing them or I for reading them."

"I like this dress very much," said Eva. "It is just too delightfully tight! But where are the pockets?" "Here they are," said the dressmaker, handing her two small silken bags. "You'll have to carry them in your hands. There's not room in the dress for them."

A Vassar graduate who married and decided to do her own cooking achieved her first triumph by basting a fowl with needle and thread. The cook-book said to baste thoroughly, and she sewed the chicken so full of thread that her husband has not got it out of his teeth yet.

Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness and miseries. A marriage of love is pleasant; a marriage of interest, easy; and a marriage where both meet, happy. A happy marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and, indeed, all the sweets of life.

When a man wants a woman to do something she does not want to do he blusters: "You shall do it." When a woman wants a man to do something against his will she never blusters. She simply says to herself: "He's got to do it." And he does it. It may be hours, weeks, months or years, but he does it.

There are now 21 law firms in the United States composed of husbands and wives, and there are about 200 women who practise law in the courts or manage legal publications. Miss Phebe Couzins was the first woman admitted to the Washington University at St. Louis, and she has now practised with her father for 21 years. Several women make large incomes by the law.

Frederick the Great, of Prussia, had a regiment of the tallest men he could procure, and insisted on their marrying the tallest women they could find, with the idea of producing a giant race of guards; but in this he was unsuccessful. Voltaire says these men were his greatest delight. Those who stood in the front rank were none of them less than 7 feet high, and he ransacked Europe and Asia to add to their number.

Humorous.

A LESSON IN SPELLING.

If an S and an I and an O and a U
With an X at the end, spell SU,
And an E and a Y and an E spell I,
Pray, what is a speller to do?

Then, if also an S and an I and a G
And an H E D spell side,
There's nothing much left for a speller to do
But to go and commit sioux-eye-sighed.

—U. N. Nose.

He Wasn't Going.

She: "Must you go so soon, darling? It is only 10 o'clock, and father won't object if you stay until 12."

He: "True, my own. But that only gives me two hours in which to say good night."

A two-foot rule—Don't stumble.

Handy book-markers—Dirty fingers.

Little by little—Twins in their cradle.

On the dead level—Six feet underground

Clothes may not make the man, but suits make the lawyer.

The sculptor isn't the kind of a man that cuts no figure in the world.

It is a queer thing that after a girl has consented to fly with a man she usually has to walk.

Bragg: "I am a self-made man, sir. I began life as a barefoot boy!" Jinks: "Indeed! Well, I wasn't born with shoes on either."

Diner: "Waiter, I've got a bone stuck in my throat." Waiter: "That's all right, sir. We don't charge anything extra for bones taken away from the table."

Old lady: "Only think, one missionary for ten thousand cannibals!"

Young lady: "Mercy, they must have terrible light appetites or awful big missionaries!"

Totling: "Wagner had a special purpose in making his operas so loud."

Dimling: "What was it?"

"He was determined that they should be heard above the talking in the boxes."

"Now, I like—" begins Bulfinch, argumentatively.

"What you like, Mr. Bulfinch, is neither here nor there," interrupts Mabel.

"Pardon me, but it's here!" retorts Bulfinch, very suggestively.

Herbert, who had some money given him to spend at the fair: "Papa, things were so cheap at the fair that 30 cents of my money was wasted."

Papa: "Wasted?"

"Yes; I didn't spend it."

A young doctor of 26, but who looked scarcely 20, was presented in a drawing-room.

"What, monsieur, so young and already a doctor!" said the lady of the house.

"Yes, madame," replied the young physician; "but I only attend very little children as yet!"

"Why didn't you congratulate young Githens on his marriage?"

"I could not conscientiously do that; I do not know his wife."

"Well, you might have wished her joy."

"I could not reasonably do that; I do know Githens."

"You need not deny it! I know that he kissed you while you were sitting on the steps last night."

"Yes, mamma; eight or ten times, I guess."

"Eight or ten times! Why—I—you—"

"Yes, mamma, dear. I told him the first time if he did it again I wouldn't speak to him, and after that I could not tell him to stop without breaking my word. And I knew you would not want your daughter to tell a fib."

A careful housekeeper always has Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in the house.

TELLING THE FUTURE.

The ancient Sortes of Homer or of Virgil was a form of bibliomancy or divination by books. A man took up one of these authors, and the first verse he chanced to find was considered capable of showing him his future destiny. Or certain texts were transcribed out of them, of which one was drawn at hazard, and fully believed in as a prognostication.

Much the same sort of thing goes on in parts of our city every sunny afternoon, where birds are trained to pick out slips of folded paper of many colors, bearing within them possibilities in the future for him or her who is willing to expend one penny on their purchase. The legends on these slips are chiefly favorable, and run commonly upon a happy marriage or a vast fortune.

The Sortes of the Pagan poets gave place to the Bible for the devout Christian, who extracted his fate from passages in the Old or New Testament. Some of the clergy permitted prayers to be offered in their churches for a happy direction of this method of divination. By this means bishops were elected and heretics condemned, notably Agnar, Bishop of Orleans, and the eccentric Peter of Toulouse, and possibly this system of selection was as good as any other.

On the consecration of the celebrated Athanasius as Patriarch of Constantinople, the prelate opened the gospels upon the unlucky text, "For the devil and his angels," but a bishop present adroitly turned back a leaf or two and read aloud, "The birds of the air came and lodged in the branches thereof." "Nevertheless," the ecclesiastical historian who records this circumstance gravely remarks, "the Church of Constantinople was violently agitated by the most fatal divisions during the patriarchate of this divine."

The Bath Kol, or daughter of the voice is a mode of divination among the Jews something similar to the Sortes of the saints among the Christians. It consists in considering the first words heard from anyone reading the Mikra, or Scripture, as a voice from Heaven pregnant with future guidance.

Chaomancy is a mode of divination by means of the atmosphere, or aerial visions, and seems nearly related to our present clairvoyance, or second sight. The word is derived from the use by Paracelsus of the term chaos for the atmosphere.

The form of inquiry into the future by currents of water has been called Bletonism, but this seems to be rather the faculty of perceiving and indicating subterraneous springs. It has been traced for its origin to a M. Bleton, a Frenchman living at the end of the eighteenth century, in whom such springs and water courses were said to excite peculiar sensation.

A very ancient form of divination practised by the Arabs in the days of the ignorance, or before the time of Mohammad, depends on inscriptions set on headless arrows which are taken from a bag at random by the person consulting. This custom of speculation, which is forbidden in the Koran, is called Belomancy. It was practised, we read in Ezekiel, by the King of Babylon, who, as the revised version of our Bible correctly translates, "Shook the arrows to and fro."

In axinomancy jet was placed on a heated axe; if the jet did not consume, it was considered a favorable omen that the desires of the person inquiring thus into the future would be fulfilled.

Axinomancy was anciently a means for detecting crime. An axe was poised on a bar, the names of suspected criminals were read out, and that one of them was held to be guilty during the reading of whose name any oscillation happened. Here we have something analogous to the spirit rapping of a few years ago.

A curious method of prediction is that in which the forms assumed by drops of hot wax let fall into water reveal the accidents of the future years. This is known as ceromancy. In other methods such strange means of prefiguration are employed as a sieve, the grounds in a tea or coffee cup, a pack of cards or a cock, needles or the human nails, onions, pearls, ashes, earth, air, fire and water, mirrors and crystals, dice, entrails, smoke, and salt.

Thouvenel the late Dr. Francis B. Brewer was known as the "pioneer of petroleum" because he first conceived the idea of using it for commercial purposes, the original oil refinery was established by Samuel M. Kier, who set up a small refinery in Pittsburg in 1853.

Not excelled by any high-priced liniment, Salvation Oil, twenty-five cents a bottle.

TWO GRAND SOUVENIRS
FOR OUR SUBSCRIBERS!

CHARMING! BEAUTIFUL!

Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella

ORIGINAL OWNED BY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, N. Y.

In 1492 the life of Columbus became associated with our western world, and one of the events which led to the discovery of the New World is portrayed in this great painting. The original was painted by Vaclav Brozik. It is recognized as the great pictorial history of the signing of the contract between Columbus and Ferdinand and Isabella by which the means were furnished to enable him to discover the New World.

The moment chosen by this artist is the beginning of American History. Ferdinand and Isabella are seen upon the dual throne of Spain. Columbus is in the foreground presenting his claims before the royal power. The contract is upon the table, and Ferdinand with pen in hand is hesitating when Isabella exclaims "I undertake this enterprise for my own crown and pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds." There are 30 figures in the picture many of them being portraits and the scene is in the throne chamber.

The rich, gorgeous coloring of the toilets of the assembled court, combined with graceful pose, technical skill and rare imaginative power, make this picture pre-eminently one of the best Art Works yet issued to the public.

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

ORIGINAL IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

The original of this picture has been for many years the great attraction in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. It was painted by Vanderlyn and has the same soft mellow tone that time has given to the old masters. It is familiar to all who have visited the Capitol.

In the offing are seen the "Santa Maria," "Pinta," and "Nina." Columbus and his followers are in the foreground clothed with all the splendor of polished armor, purple and gold, while behind this group is seen the Cross borne aloft by chanting monks. On the left of the picture, are seen the natives in their nude simplicity, paying homage to the white men whom they suppose have descended from heaven.

It is most fortunate that this early painting has been carefully preserved by the U. S. Government. There are very few Columbian relics remaining and in the World's Columbian Exposition which is about to be celebrated, the event portrayed in this painting is to be re-enacted on our shores.

The Spanish and United States Governments propose to build a new, "Santa Maria," "Nina" and "Pinta" and sail into the harbor of New York and thence to Chicago by the way of the canals and Great Lakes. They will be fitted out in every particular like their great prototypes four-hundred years ago, and will have on board Spaniards in the costumes exactly copied from those seen in this wonderful Picture.

These Pictures which we offer (size 21x28 inches each) are in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line.

We give them free of charge to every old and new subscriber who sends us $2.00 for a years' subscription in advance.

Remember, you get "The Saturday Evening Post" an entire year, and both pictures, which alone are worth much more than the subscription price of the paper.

Address,—

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Mr. Lightmind (coaxingly to Tommy)—"Did your sister say she was glad when you told her I called?" Tommy (literally)—"No, she said she didn't expect anything else, to-day being Friday and the 13th of the month."

Samuel Irvin, of Lake county, Ind., "has been married eight times. His first two wives died while the others were released by divorce. No 8 obtained a decree on Friday of last week, and on Tuesday Mr. Irvin led No. 9 to the altar.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

NEVER FAILS TO RELIEVE

PAIN.

It surpasses all other remedies in the wonderful power which it possesses of curing

RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

For Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Pain in the Chest or Sides, Colds, Congestions, Inflammations, Lumbago, Sciatica, Headache, Toothache, or any other Pain, a few applications act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

MALARIA IN ITS VARIOUS FORMS CURED and PREVENTED.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

A CURE FOR ALL

SUMMER COMPLAINTS!

DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA,

CHOLERA MORBUS.

A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure.

Price 50c. per bottle. Sold by druggists.

BE SURE TO GET "RADWAY'S."

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

For the Cure of Chronic Diseases.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure.

Sold by all Druggists. One Dollar a Bottle.

BE SURE TO GET "RADWAY'S."

RADWAY'S PILLS,

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

Liver, Stomach or Bowels.

Perfect digestion will be accomplished by taking one of Radway's Pills every morning. By so doing

DYSPEPSIA,

SICK HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from disease of the digestive organs: Constipation, Inward piles, fulness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fulness or weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, swimming of the head, hurried or difficult breathing, fluttering at the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pains in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price 25 CENTS per box. Sold by all druggists.

If your druggist or storekeeper does not happen to have Radway's Pills on hand, send 25 cts. for one box or $1 for five boxes of Pills, to Radway & Co., 32 Warren st., New York, and WE WILL SEND THEM BY MAIL.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Magazine of Art" is always good, and the number for November is particularly so. All persons interested in art matters will find this publication of the greatest value and interest. Published by Cassell & Co., New York.

"Cassell's Family Magazine" for November is now out, and is filled from title page to conclusion with excellent general reading. It is one of the best as it is the cheapest of the popular magazines. Cassell & Co., New York.

"St. Nicholas" begins a new volume with the November number, and contains a number of seasonable articles, most of them grandly illustrated, that will be found interesting to the young and even older folks. The Century Co., New York.

HOW A GRACEFUL WOMAN GETS OUT OF A HOUSE.—Did you ever notice how long it takes a woman of the always-going and never-gone order to get out of the room? Something thus: She has risen to depart, a matter which really won't be accomplished for the next half-hour. She talks: "And as I was saying——" (steps to the door), "she says to me, says she" (steps back again,) "I never said anything of the kind" (steps towards the door). "What I did say was that" (steps back again and talks.

You'll think it's all at an end, and that she's really going. She takes three very slows steps towards the door. "Why, no, I didn't. If she said that, she said what wasn't so. I never said any such thing." (Comes back. Starts in afresh. Apparently forgets she has to go at all.) "Well, I know you wouldn't believe any such thing of me. I think she might—well, she should be more careful." (Turns again to go.) "Well, I told him it wasn't so." (Swings slowly around.) "Well, I must be going. No, indeed. You don't say so. Do you? Well, I never. Now" (goes at it again hammer and tongs), "it's always been the way with her in everything. Why, do you know I've done more for her—helped her fix her dress—well, I must be going."

(Hand on the door-knob. Keeps it there.) "Yes, well, you may just say it's no such thing. I wasn't there, and I didn't say it." (Opens the door.) "How much did it cost? I gave twelve dollars for mine. Well, I must be going. Yes, I know." (Keeps the door open, and lets the draught in.) "Why, if he had been there, I guess I should have known it. She don't know half the time what she is saying." (Closes the door all but a chink, and remains inside.) "It isn't likely that I would have gone and done such a thing." (Swings the door to and fro.) "Well, you can say this for me, that I never said so." (She is still at the door-knob.)

THIS year, for the first time in history, the Emperor of China received the European envoys without requiring them to go through the humiliating ceremony of prostration before him. Since, however, the prostration had to be done by someone, Prince Ching, of the Imperial Household, was utilized. He repeated the addresses of the envoys, and grovelled in approved form; and, by diplomatic fiction, the envoys were supposed to have themselves grovelled.

THE annual report of the London Police Department says "that there were something over 2000 burgling and house-breaking cases there last year, and the average amount secured by the burglar was less than five dollars."

"WHY does he call himself 'Colonel' if he never was in the army?" "Because, sah, in the heat of passion he may kill a man some time, and if he's a Colonel it's a mitigating circumstance, sah."

THE amount of land in the United States that is owned by members of the House of Lords and British syndicates would be surprising to most Americans, who believe that America is owned by Americans. The aggregate shows the immense total of 20,941,600 acres, or an area greater than all of Ireland 2,000,000 more than all of Scotland, and more than half as much as England and Wales.

"YOUR husband," said one lady to another, "is very gruff and impolite, and never says a kind word to you. I wonder how you put up with him." "Oh, you mustn't be too hard upon him," said the gentle wife; "he is not always that way. You should hear him speak in prayer meeting."

GENERAL BOOTH has nearly 400 men, mostly broken-down drunkards at one time, at work on his farm near London and they are described as a decent, industrious, useful and enthusiastic lot of people now.

SPEND YOUR VACATION ON THE GREAT LAKES.

Visit picturesque Mackinac Island. It will only cost you about $13 from Detroit or $18 from Cleveland for the round trip, including meals and berths. The attractions of a trip to the Mackinac region are unsurpassed. The island itself is a grand, romantic spot; its climate is most invigorating. Save your money by traveling between Detroit and Cleveland, via the D. & C. Line. Fare, $2 25. This division is equipped with two new steamers, "City of Detroit" and "City of Cleveland," now famous as the largest and most magnificent on fresh water. Leave every night, arriving the following morning at destination, making sure connection with all morning trains. Palace steamers, four trips per week between Detroit, Mackinac, Petoskey, the "Soo" and Marquette. Send for illustrated pamphlet. Address A. A. Schantz, G. P. A., Detroit & Cleveland Steam Nav. Co., Detroit, Mich.

MARRIAGE PAPER Nearly 300 ladies and gents want correspondents. 3 mos. 10c. Helping Hand, Chicago, Ill.

A GOOD GIRLS Rare book, 100 pages. Richly Illustrated. Leaves, Ills., Globe Book Co., Chicago, Ill.

YOUR FUTURE REVEALED. Written prediction of your life, 50c. Give date of birth. Astrologer, Box 136, Kansas City, Mo.

FREE To will send you an elegant large magazine 6 months, FREE, if you send 10 cents to have your name and address inserted in our DIRECTORY, which goes to over 100 Publishers, Importers, etc., who will send you samples of new goods, latest books, newspapers, catalogues, etc. You will get a big mail daily. All of 5 cent at once. Address: W. S. EVERETT & CO., Publishers, LYNN, MASS.

DR. K. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Fits, Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, causing insanity, misery, decay, death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Impotency, Leucorrhœa and all Female Weaknesses, Involuntary Losses, Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of brain, Self-abuse, over-indulgence. A month's treatment, $1, 6 for $5, by mail. We Guarantee six boxes to cure. Each order for 6 boxes, with $5 will send written guarantee to refund if not cured. Guarantees issued only by FINNEGY, MCCLURE & Co., Sole Agents, 108 Market St. Philadelphia, Pa.

ANAL AND RECTAL SALVE

FOR PILES, INFLAMMATION, FISSURE, ULCER, ITCHING, etc.,

Prepared by a Specialist

Directions for Home Treatment with each box. Immediate relief. Box 50c. Trial Box and Salve Injector, $1

Dr. A. B. Jamison — No. 41 West 28th St. N.Y.

Weak Men INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 15 days; never returns. I will send (sealed) FREE to my fellow-sufferers a prescription to enlarge small weak organs. A sure cure for Emissions, Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, etc. Address, with stamp, E. A. Franklin, Music Dealer, Marshall, Mich.

BEATTY PIANOS, ORGANS, $35 up. Want agts. Cat. free. Dan'l F. Beatty, Wash'ton, N.J.

For 30 Days. **FREE** To introduce our CRAYON PORTRAITS we make this Special Offer: Send us a Cabinet Picture, Photograph or any picture of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make you a CRAYON PORTRAIT FREE OF CHARGE, provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work and use your influence in securing us future orders. Place name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish not interfering with likeness. Refer to any bank in Chicago. Address THE CREDIT CRAYON CO., Opposite New German Theatre, CHICAGO, ILL. P. S.—We will forfeit $100 to any one sending us photo and not receiving crayon picture FREE as per this offer. This offer is bonafide.

PUGET SOUND Is the Coming Great Country, and the Pacific Coast Terminus of the Great Northern Railway is inevitably its Greatest City. Finest location, best harbor, greatest resources and most substantial growth. Investments placed through us now are on a basis that insures a PROFIT OF FROM 100 TO 300 PER CENT in the next two years. Our Inside Water Front Property, close to the business center, at from $200 TO $350 per lot on EASY TERMS. Cannot be equalled as a SAFE AND RAPID MONEY-MAKING proposition. We also negotiate choice Mortgage Loans and Municipal Securities. We are willing to guarantee any investment placed by us for a share of the profits. Highest Eastern and Western Bank References. For Maps, Pamphlets, etc., address the **FAIRHAVEN**

WASHINGTON IMPROVEMENT COMPANY, Fairhaven, Washington.

Epidemic Cholera and Consumption.

The current (SEPTEMBER) number of THE MEDICAL TRIBUNE,

published in this city under the caption of "Epidemic Cholera," speaking of its appropriate treatment, concludes as follows: "In addition to these remedies I would strongly recommend the early, free, and persistent inhalation of Bi-ozone, as well as the internal use of Peroxide of Hydrogen. Ozone, if introduced into the system, will destroy these germs, whether in the lungs or in the stomach, and with an increased oxidation of the blood the circulation is equalized AND COLLAPSE PREVENTED."

The same issue also has the following article from the pen of its editor, an eminent medical writer and practitioner:

"BI-OZONE as a REMEDIAL AGENT."

"Imperfect oxidation always results in the accumulation of effete material which is deposited in various organs and tissues of the body and thus gives rise to a variety of diseases. To correct such defects the profession have long endeavored to find some means by which oxygen could be introduced into the system so as to oxidize these deposits and thus remove the cause of disease.

"At one time chemical agents, rich in oxygen, were freely administered. Again, oxygen gas by inhalation was proposed. In some few instances air-tight rooms were constructed and air forced into them until a pressure of two atmospheres was secured. Patients were then placed in these rooms for a specified time with the view of obtaining an increased supply of oxygen by inhaling this compressed air. None of these methods, however, have proved satisfactory and imperfect oxidation of the blood has been one of the great difficulties with which medical men have had to contend.

"Various preparations of peroxide of hydrogen have been introduced to the profession, and all of them have been valuable acquisitions to the therapeutic art; but it has remained for Mr. N. Helmer to give us his bi-ozone treatment, which makes it possible for the patient to inhale ozone directly into the lungs as often as it may be necessary to do so. His method is a simple one, and from our personal experience we believe it the most efficacious that has yet been devised. He supplies a superior peroxide of hydrogen, a quantity of which is heated with water, and to this is added another chemical agent which sets the oxygen free for immediate inhalation. The chemical action which thus takes place sets free a gas which the usual tests prove to be ozone.

"The inhalation of this ozone serves a valuable purpose in oxidizing the blood, as it is carried directly into the lungs, and from thence to the red blood corpuscles. It is also claimed that the internal use of this peroxide of hydrogen is followed by the setting free of the ozone in the stomach and its absorption by the blood vessels.

"Our attention was first called to the Bi-ozone treatment some months ago, and we gave it a thorough test in the case of our cook, who has been for some time suffering from phthisis. There was a deposit in the upper part of both lungs, her cough was persistent, and for over two months she had profuse night sweats. She had become so weak that she could not go up one flight of stairs without stopping to rest on the way. We commenced giving her the Bi-ozone treatment, and within a month's time her cough had materially diminished, the night sweats had entirely disappeared, and she had so far recovered her strength as to be able to attend to her usual duties and go up three flights of stairs without shortness of breath or fatigue. In addition to the inhalation she took thirty drops of the peroxide of hydrogen by the stomach an hour after each meal. She continued this treatment for about four months, at which time she was apparently well. At the present writing, which is seven months after the beginning of the treatment, she has no cough, her appetite and strength are both normal, and the deposit in the right lung has entirely disappeared, while there is only a very slight dullness at the apex of the left lung.

Whether we accept the theory that consumption is due to the presence of bacilli in the lungs, or that of deposits of tubercular matter, the success of the treatment can be accounted for on rational grounds. The ozone or allotropic oxygen, when taken directly into the lungs by inhalation, destroys the bacilli, thus curing the disease, and also oxidizes the tubercular matter and thus causes its elimination.

"We are experimenting in other directions, and believe that in the Bi-ozone we have a remedy that will prove a valuable agent in the treatment of all conditions in which there is a deficient oxidation or imperfect nutrition."

Helmer's Bi-Ozone Cure

N. HELMER, Chemist, 822 Broadway, Southeast Corner 12th Street, New York City.

BROOKLYN OFFICE: Dr. S. SILSBEE, N. W. cor 5th Avenue and 17th Street.

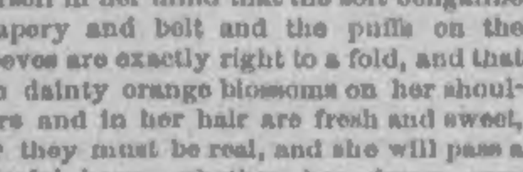
BRIDGEPORT OFFICE: Dr. H. M. DICKINSON, 139 Fairfield Avenue.

Dr. W. W. CLARK, Sole Agent for Ohio, 512 Franklin avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

If there should happen to be any young lady who was dreams about being a bride, and who cannot overcome the loud desire, let her reflect upon this pretty bridal outfit and imagine how she would look in it walking up the long aisle of a church and standing before the altar with her dearest Charlie or Johnnie. Let her imagine herself clothed in shimmering satin and enveloped in the misty tulle, sweeter and whiter herself than the blossoms in her hair. Let her think she hears the soft swish of the taffeta lining and hidden ruffles, and pats out into fuller roundness the rosettes down the side. Let her assure herself in her mind that the soft bengaline drapery and belt and the puffs on the sleeves are exactly right to a fold, and that the dainty orange blossoms on her shoulders and in her hair are fresh and sweet, for they must be real, and she will pass a blissful hour, whether her dream ever realizes or not.

Half the marriages come about just because a young girl cannot resist the desire to be arrayed in bridal robes. No toilet, however superb, can fill a girl's ideal of perfection but this. If I were a young man and wanted to press my suit, I would save my money, and not spend it on flowers and candy, but I would haunt the fashion books and make an album of bridal gowns which "she" should have. "She" could not resist it, for by some subtle process that no one can ever define she would in spirit enter into one of those pictured forms and never rest satisfied until the dream was a reality. She might add a white velvet prayer book to this outfit, or she might carry a bouquet, whichever pleased her best.



DAINTY HOME DRESSES.

At home after the wedding there would be a bewitching array of pretty morning and afternoon gowns to show Charlie or Johnnie that he had not made a bad bargain and got a wife who was pretty only in her bridal attire. There is one dark red cashmere breakfast gown, en princesse, with black velvet vest front, collar and cuffs, and in it she looks sweet enough to eat and would charm away the gloomiest rain clouds. Every woman should have at least one bright colored home dress on purpose for dull, rainy days, and so she would be literally the brightness and sunlight of home. Men and boys love to see the head of the household in bright colored gowns.

In the afternoon, when all the domestic machinery has been oiled and polished, the little wife may sit down quietly to sew something, and to receive her friends and tell them how happy she is over a delicious cup of tea. Then she can bring out her dainty new tea gown, with its flaring chrysanthemums, purple on a tan ground with rich prune velvet trimmings, its graceful cascade of lace, and its sash and neckfolds of Japanese crape in the same rich color.

True, she must be young and have an irreproachable complexion to dare that color next her face, but there are other colors that she can have if she likes them better. The sash must be tied in the back in a big bow, and the whole effect be as much like a Japanese lady's dress as is "convenable," as the French say.

Both of these dresses make good, easy crying gowns, for brides must make allowances for the time that the "angel" will grumble over his breakfast or forget to kiss his little "wifey" after losing his temper hunting an hour for a collar button.

Let me just here, out of the abundance of experience, suggest to all "wifeys" that they make it a point to buy three or four dozen bone collar buttons, with long shanks, and keep these handy, so that when "precious hubby" loses his collar button they can say, "Here, dear, take this, and I will hunt for yours later." How much trouble and vexation this simple expedient might save, and how many gallons of scalding tears I cannot tell. No person can blame a man for losing his temper with his collar button if he is in a hurry, and the amount of time and forethought it requires to lay in a stock of emergency collar buttons is small compared to the blessing of having one in a time of need.

Yesterday I reveled in furs, and to-day I have hung my clothes on the line to get the smell of rancid butter and carbolic out of them while I tell you something about what I saw. In the first place astrakhan is to be the fur of the winter and will be used on almost everything, and there will be whole suits made of it. Long capes of fur have superb linings of brocade, though quilted lining will be used for capes and shorter wraps.

There will be boas of all kinds, long and short, and simple collars of seal, with sable tails. Beaver will be worn and a good deal of fluffy furs, such as sea otter, fox and brown bear. Sea otter collars are very handsome. Muffs can be big or little, as one's taste suggests. The Russian muff, which is quite flat, with a pocket to hold a bouquet and purse at the back, and some sort of an animal's head, are novelties. Mink is in favor, and in fact almost all kinds of fur will be worn. Sable and seal are the most expensive; sea otter next.

The astrakhan is of two qualities; that with large grain is the least expensive; that obtained from the unborn animal is the finest and most costly. It is much cheaper than it has ever been before.

Fur trimming in very narrow bands is put on nearly everything, some even having it on their underclothes and bonnets and about the tops of their shoes. It makes it good for the fur trade, but rather hard on the animals.

Odds and Ends.

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS OF INTEREST.

Chicken Cream.—Take half a pound of flesh of chicken, scrape, pound, and rub through a sieve; mix it with one gill of white sauce and one small egg, a little salt, a pinch of cayenne; mix all thoroughly together; put the mixture in small mould; put them in a saucepan with a very little boiling water, cover with the lid, and put in the oven for fifteen minutes; serve on border of mashed potato or vegetables; pour some fine white sauce over all and some vegetable in the middle. This may be put in one mould and steamed for half an hour.

Apple Jelly.—Four pounds of apples, one stalk rhubarb, sugar, wipe and quarter the apples, remove the stalks and the seeds, wipe the rhubarb and cut it up in pieces, put all in a preserving pan, with four breakfast cupfuls of water, and boil gently for a quarter of an hour, or till the apples are quite a mash, pour it then into a pointed jelly bag, and allow it to drain without pressure. Measure the juice, and to each pint add one pound of sugar, put the preserving pan on the fire, and bring it to the boil, stirring frequently. Boil for a quarter of an hour, after which skim and pot.

Queen of Puddings.—One and a half breakfast cupfuls of grated bread, and a half breakfast cupfuls of milk, two eggs, one tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of fine sugar, a little jam, essence of lemon. Having ready one and a half breakfast-cupfuls of grated bread, and one and a half breakfast cupfuls of milk, two eggs, one tablespoonful of sugar, and some jam; put the milk on in a small pan to boil; put the bread and sugar in a basin, and pour the boiling milk over it, and let it stand to soak for a short time (if you can add a few drops of essence of lemon it is an improvement); give it a good mixing with a spoon; chip one of the eggs and put the white on a clean plate, drop the yolk in among the mixture in a basin and stir till it is quite mixed; do the same to the second egg; give the whole a thorough beat up, pour in into a pudding-dish that will rather more than hold it, and put it in the oven or before the fire till it gets firm, then let it cool for a few minutes, and spread jam all over the top of it; now take a clean knife and beat up the whites of the eggs on a plate till they are like snow, then and not till then, mix with them one tablespoonful of fine sugar; plaster this all over the top of the pudding, sprinkle a little sugar over all and put down before the fire till it gets firm and a little yellow in color.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co's New Books.

David Alden's Daughter, and Other Stories of Colonial Times.

By JANE G. AUSTIN, author of "Standish of Standish," "Betty Alden," "A Nameless Nobleman," "Dr. Le Baron and his Daughters," etc. 16mo, $1.25.

A book of excellent stories, each representing some noteworthy character or incident or aspect of the Colonial times which Mrs. Austin understands and describes so well.

Zachary Phips.

An historical novel, by EDWIN LASSETTER BYNNER, author of "Agnes Surriage," "The Begum's Daughter," etc., $1.25.

The hero goes through Aaron Burr's Expedition, the War of 1812, and the Seminole War; then is connected with the American legation in London. A story of great and varied interest.

Agnes Surriage.

The Begum's Daughter.

New editions of Mr. Bynner's other admirable historical novels. Price, $1.25 each.

Children's Rights.

A most readable and valuable book, discussing subjects of great importance to parents and Kindergartens. By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN, author of "The Birds' Christmas Carol," "The Story of Patsy," "A Summer in a Canon," and "Timothy's Quest." 16mo, $1.00.

Roland Blake.

By Dr. S. WEIR MITCHELL. Riverside Paper Series. 50 cents.

"A novel which every cultivated person will read with pleasure."—The London Academy.

Sold by Booksellers. Sent, postpaid, by

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., Boston.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia, Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the CELEBRATED GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 20, '83. 7th. Norfolk, England.

NAVY PA "PHILADELPHIA,

I have used "Dollard Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

To MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut St., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and beautiful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STEET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING. LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

OLD COINS WANTED. [illegible]

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.
IN EFFECT SEPTEMBER 23, 1883.
DEPOT NINTH AND GREEN STREETS.

Williamsport Fast Day Line—8.35 a m week-days.
Buffalo Day Express—9.00 a m daily.
New England Day Express—10.00 a m week-days.
Easton Flyer—1.05 p m week-days.
New England Night Express—6.45 p m (24th and Chestnuts sts., 6.20 p m) daily.
Buffalo Night Line—8.30 p m daily.
Williamsport Night Express—11.30 p m daily.

FOR BOSTON, via Poughkeepsie Bridge. New England Day Express (Pullman Buffet Parlor Car) leaves Ninth and Green streets at 10.00 p m week-days and New England Night Express (Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car) leaves Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 6.20 p m, and Ninth and Green streets at 6.45 p m every day.

BUFFALO, NIAGARA FALLS AND CHICAGO, 9.00 a m and 8.30 p m daily. The 9.00 a m train has parlor cars, and the 8.30 p m train sleeping cars to Buffalo. FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.15, 8.00, 9.05, 10.00 a m, 12.00 noon, 2.05, 3.45, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 8.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.30 p m. Sundays, 4.30, 9.00, 9.30 a m, 5.45 and 8.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 8.35 a m.

8.35 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Williamsport and Catebrookdale Branch.

9.30 a m for Reading and way points.

11.00 a m for Pottstown and Barto.

1.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Branch Roads.

4.35 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.

11.30 p m daily Sleeping car line to Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.

SUNDAYS—8.05 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

11.45 a m for Pottstown and Barto.

3.40 p m—Pottsville, Harrisburg, Byers, Barto and Allentown.

11.30 p m—Sleeping Car Line, Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

FOR NEW YORK.

ROYAL BLUE LINE.

Leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets—4.05, 8.20, 9.20, 11.15 a m, 12.07 (dining car), 3.30, 6.20, 8.15 (dining car), p m. Sundays, 4.05, 9.20 11.15 a m, 12.07 (dining car), 3.30, 4.55, 8.15 (dining car) p m.

Leave Ninth and Green streets—7.30 (Pioneer two-hour fast line), 8.35, 9.30 a m, 1.30, 4.00, 5.15, 8.45 p m, 12.01 night. Sundays, 8.00, 10.00 a m, 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. And for Trenton, week-days, in addition to above, 2.30, 3.35, 5.45, 6.25 11.15 p m. Sundays, 9.25 a m, 5.30, 10.15 p m. Bound Brook, week-days, 3.31 p m.

Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Ninth and Green at 11.05 a m, 12.40, 3.10, 6.15, 8.02 p m. Sundays, 10.50 a m, 12.45, 3.15, 6.10, 8 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 2.00, 7.45, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night train to and from New York.

DEPOT THIRTEENTH AND CALLOWHILL STREETS.

4.10 a m for Reading, Barto, Harrisburg, Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.

7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.

9 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.

12.05 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.

1.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Cedarbrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.

4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

5.30 p m for Reading and Pottsville.

6 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.

7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg and Gettysburg.

8.30 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.

8.15 a m for Reading and Downingtown.

5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.

7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.30 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 5.15 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.30 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Brigantine week days, 8 a m, 3.45 p m. Returning, 7.25 a m, 3.25 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Mullica Hill, 8.30, 11.00 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Clementon, 8.00 8.00 8.20, 11.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.45, 6.30, 7.30, 11.30 p m, Sundays, 8 a m, 1.45, 4.30 p m.

Blackwood and Glenlock, 8.30, 9.15, 11.30 a m, 2.30, 4.45, 6.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Tuesdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 8.30, 8 a m, 4.45, 6.30 p m.

For Lakewood, Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8 a m, 4 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, northeast corner Broad and Chestnut, 832 Chestnut street, 628 South Third street, and 1838 South Fortieth street, West Philadelphia, and at the depots.

Reading Railroad Transfer and Cab Service. Passengers and baggage promptly conveyed.

Philadelphia Telephone, No. 1862.

I. A. SWEIGARD, Gen. Manager. C. G. HANCOCK, Gen. Pass. Agent.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 40 years, and two harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canadas, and Europe. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

Carl L. Jensen's

CRYSTAL PEPSIN TABLETS will cure DYSPEPSIA AND PREVENT INDIGESTION FROM RICH FOOD. Dose one tablet after each meal. Sold by all Druggists. Delivered by mail on receipt of 50 cents in Postage Stamps. CARL L. JENSEN CO., No. 409 N. 5th St. Philadelphia, Pa. Samples and Circulars **FREE.**

MATRIMONIAL PAPER

Containing nearly 300 advertisements (with photographs) of ladies and gentlemen wishing correspondents. Copy on plain sealed wrapper 10c. HEART and HAND, 69 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.